

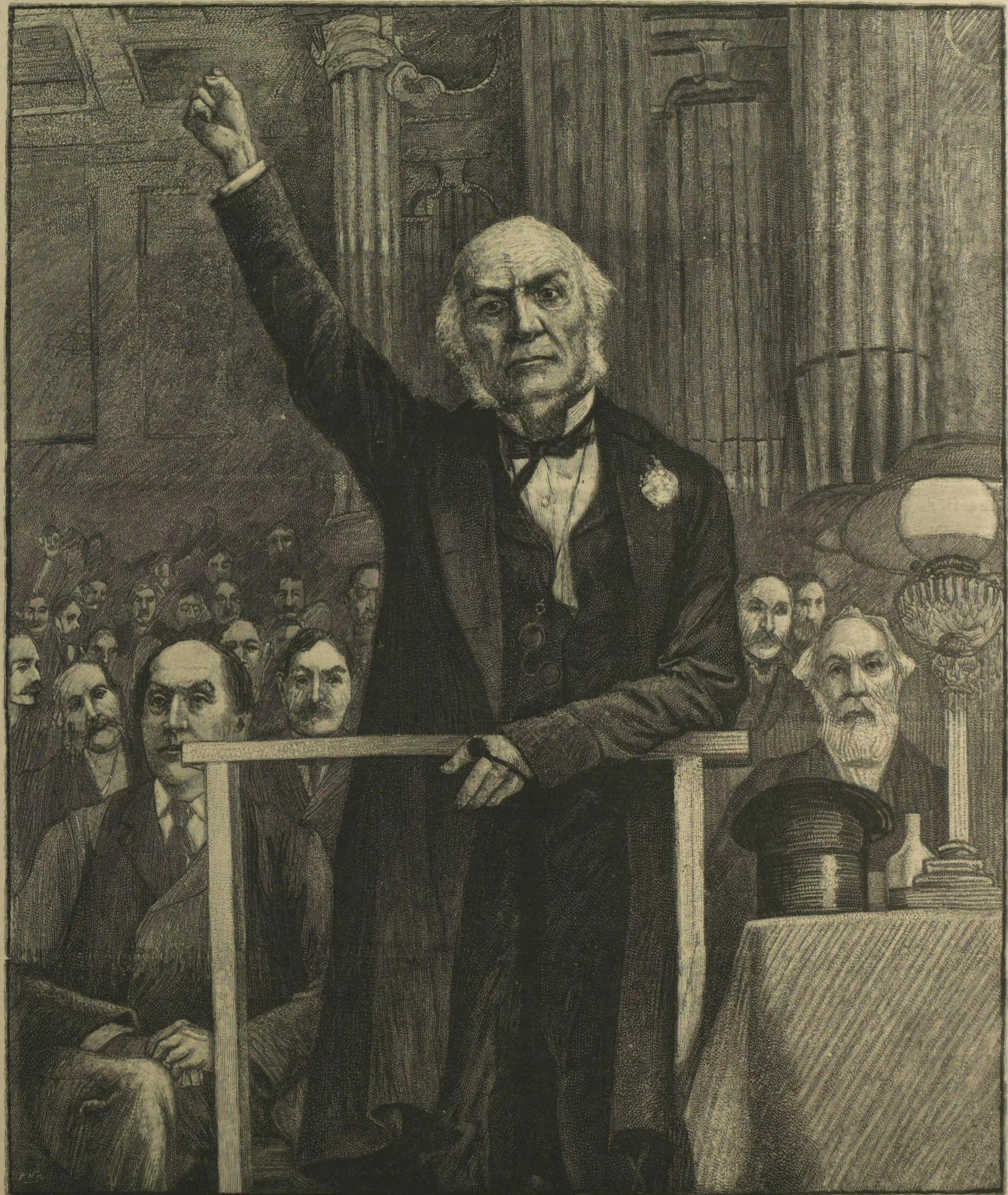
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THE NEW MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN: MR. GLADSTONE AT THE MUSIC-HALL, EDINBURGH, JUNE 30, 1892.

"Let us go forward in the good work we have in hand, and let us put our trust not in squires and peers—(cheers)—and not in titles or in acres; I will go further, and say not in man, as such, but in Almighty God, who is the God of justice, and who has ordained the principles of right, of equity, and of freedom to be the guides and the masters of our lives." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not generally known that at one time the inhabitants of this country were so blind to their own advantage and the eternal fitness of things as to exclude lawyers from Parliament. In the thick of a General Election, in which nearly three hundred lawyers are said to be candidates on one side or the other (and many of them who have *changed sides*), the thing may well seem as incredible as it is shocking. In Edward the Third's time, "four shillings a day," writes *Carte*, "the wages of a knight of the shire, was not a sufficient inducement for the trouble and inconvenience which a gentleman of the first distinction in his county must undergo by removing to London; but it was a very considerable advantage to a lawyer, whose business called him thither in term time," the terms being in those days the usual time of Parliament sitting. No actual ukase of exclusion was then passed, but it was decreed that if they were elected they should not be paid, which had all the desired effect—a circumstance which proves how different were the motives of lawyers in those days. Nevertheless, in Henry the Fourth's reign every sheriff received the following notice: "The King wills that neither you nor any other sheriff of the kingdom shall allow any man following the law to be chosen." This Parliament, remarks *Coke* (a lawyer himself, however), "was fruitless, and called the 'Lack-learning Parliament,' and since that time lawyers, *for the great and good service of the Commonwealth*, have been eligible." Nevertheless, that horrible person, *Pryme*, actually argued for the propriety of their exclusion, on the ground that "it would shorten the duration of the Session, facilitate the dispatch of business, and have the effect of making our laws more like God's commandments." Good Heavens!

Anything in the nature of novelty with respect to the Election cannot but be welcome, and the *Astrologer's Magazine* may be said to supply an obvious void. If it does not prophesy the result with the confidence or directness one would have expected in such an organ, it tells us something: "The luminaries are in the twelfth house of the Government. . . . And the position of Jupiter, lord of their eighth, points to a peaceful and honourable end." This is, so far, satisfactory; still, "there are three malefics rising, which do not denote a peaceful month." From which one gathers that astrology, like proverbial philosophy, is apt to hedge, and can be read either way, according to convenience. That "disorderly scenes may be expected in the Congress at Washington," and that "the actions of the ruling powers at St. Petersburg will be severely commented upon," seem events that scarcely require prediction from the celestial bodies.

As regards people's personal affairs, however, the *Astrologer's Magazine* is so good as to settle them with precision, and even to enter into minutiae. A lady wishes to know what hinders her marriage. To which she gets the following reply: "For the description of the person who stands in the way we must look to Mercury as lord of your trine, he having recently left the square of Mars, and almost square to the Moon, your signification." This change of residence is not very intelligibly stated. But in terrestrial matters, when persons leave a square it is not generally to better themselves, and their association with the Moon is described (if they leave in a hurry, by night, and without paying their rent) as "shooting it." However, whether in difficulties or not, "it is quite patent" (says the astrologer) that this individual "wrote your intended an adverse letter, and is himself robust and inclined to corpulence, with swarthy complexion and dark-brown hair. As the Moon is hastening to the trine of Jupiter, he being in the tenth house, &c., and Pisces being a double sign, it is clear that the brothers and sisters of the lady's intended are favourable to the union." One would have thought that, even as a single sign, Pisces would have suggested something fishy as to his relations; but this may still be the case, though it may refer to their social or financial positions, and not to their goodwill. Her aunt, say the heavenly bodies, is also urging the union, though "since Venus has the square of Jupiter," she (the aunt) is not on good terms with these belongings. It is interesting and very satisfactory that everything seems done "upon the square" in these predictions. As to the date of the marriage, it will certainly take place, if any reliance at all is to be placed on certain movements of Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and the Moon, on Sept. 29—Goose Day!

Some admirable hints are given to young students in astronomy: "In predicting death, do not hastily arrive at a decision," and have due regard to "whether the afflicting planet is dignified." I don't know about a planet, but if any person sought to afflict me it would be no kind of consolation to know that he was dignified; I would much prefer him to be humble—and weak. In casting the horoscope of a lady, the student is recommended "especially to regard the Moon," which seems a little ungallant.

The story of the prima donna in Rome who, wishing to get a registered letter changed, had to sing before the officials in order to prove her identity, is a capital one; and it is also quite likely to be true. Anyone who is alone and unknown in a foreign town knows how very difficult it is to prove that one is oneself and not somebody else. It

is very much easier, I am told, to get the fact established after one is dead; but this I have never tried. Of course, handwriting goes a great way—and in an unfair sort of way; for the worse one's handwriting, the harder it is for another person to imitate it. One knows people of whom it may be said that, in this respect, no one can be their parallel; indeed, very often their handwriting is not parallel to itself. When I was a boy at Eton, a cousin of mine, a professional man in Windsor, had procured the right to fish in Virginia Water, and I sometimes went out with him, but of course without a rod (I got that when I returned to school, for being late). One day he was set upon by the keepers and accused of poaching. "My name is So-and-so," he said, "and you will find it on the list of those who have permission." It was on the list sure enough, but they were dissatisfied with his identity. They said rather rudely that he did not look like a privileged person of any kind. Where was his card? Unfortunately he had no card. They said that was only what they expected; he did not look like a person who had visiting cards. "You must come along with us; we take you into custody—both of you." Perhaps the personal peril sharpened my wits, for I suddenly exclaimed, "Is not your handkerchief marked with your name?" He was a bachelor, and nobody had inscribed it with her hair, or otherwise; but my remark suggested a way out of the difficulty: though his handkerchief was not marked, his linen was, and he triumphantly showed them the tail of it. To such shifts are some people (literally) put in order to establish their identity.

Let the philosophers say what they will, there are few things more trying than to be without money, and, above all, without ready money. And scarcely anybody has really got it. A very expensive person is said to have observed on one occasion to a friend who asked him for a loan, "You are deceived by appearances, my dear fellow; it is true I have a moor in Scotland, a castle in Wales, and a yacht at Cowes, but as to ready money, I never have any." There is no place, perhaps, where one wants it so much as at a police-station, where even forty shillings may preserve one from the most unpleasant consequences. A little boy was brought up the other day for stealing a pennyworth of hay, and the magistrate pointed out that it was in his discretion to discharge him on payment of that sum. But the poor boy had not even that capital at his disposal. The good magistrate lent him the money, and the prisoner offered it to the prosecutor, and the prosecutor wouldn't take it, and the magistrate got his own again, as in some roaring farce. But such an utter want of ready money as that, I suppose, has never yet been disclosed even in a court of justice.

A patent medicine is advertised as a cure for "worry." This is ministering to a mind diseased indeed, and a great step in medical science. It was thought an ambitious notion when the love-philtre was discovered, but it never got beyond the notion. It will scarcely be reckoned a libel at this time of day to say that that invention proved a fiasco. The prescription for perpetual youth recommended by a well-known French physician is too recent to be criticised: the young people who have taken it—if any—have had no time to get old; one has noticed, on the other hand, no old people getting young, but rather the reverse. These remedies, however, although important, sink into insignificance when compared with this new elixir; for what is the use of perpetual youth if worry is also to be perpetual? The ingredients, of course, are not revealed, but one has a shrewd suspicion that prussic acid and strychnine must be among them. In some cases, a strong decoction of gold has had a favourable effect; it is not taken, like medicine, internally, nor, like electricity, externally, but placed in the pocket of the patient, where it acts like a charm.

A gentleman, nearly—though in the sense of almost—connected with art and literature, having become dissatisfied with his treatment in this country, has, it seems, announced his intention of washing his hands of it and becoming a French citizen. Though not an original idea in itself, this is a novel one as an act of vengeance. He says: "I do not love the English." That may be a matter of congratulation to them, or otherwise, but the great point is—he is going. If the example be followed, this protomartyr will become a public benefactor. There are so many people nowadays who profess themselves dissatisfied with their own country, and who are always holding up some other one as a model for imitation, that it is amazing none of them have ever thought of the plan. They change their political views with ease and rapidity, but it never strikes them to change their nationality. Like Mr. Jingle, we do not "presume to dictate," but does not France seem a little too near and too subject to incursions from the inhabitants of this benighted land to satisfy their aspirations? Surely the farther—and the sooner—they go the better. Why not "try Russia," and, for choice, Russia in Asia? One wishes they had passed their Euthanasia.

In London, where Nature seldom makes any serious impression, except in the form of a fog, a thunderstorm such as that which lately burst upon the town seems to many people quite a revelation of her powers. Eclipses are not much thought of, and, indeed, are supposed to be invented by the astronomers to sell the almanacks; they don't make noise enough to impress the mind, for, as

"General" Booth well understands, the religious instinct, in minds that possess but little of it, is not to be awakened without noise. If the lightning were unaccompanied by the thunder, it would impress nobody; but the combination is very effective, and, what is also necessary in most cases for the production of the feeling in question, alarming. When men go to their cellars, they "arm themselves with a corkscrew," but women often betake themselves thither during a thunderstorm merely to ignore it, which, with their eyes closed and their fingers in their ears, can be to a great extent accomplished. If this precaution is not taken, they are very much moved by the hurly-burly, and that in the best circles. They don't like to hear Master Tom, who is scientific and smells of chemicals, say that the thunder is produced by the clouds rolling against one another. The explanation sounds to them not only absurd—as if you should say pillows without their cases, if damped and rubbed against one another, produce thunder—but even blasphemous. To go to the window with a châtelaine attached to their waists is a defiance of the wrath of Heaven, and they draw as nice a distinction between forked and sheet lightning as between salt water and fresh. If the storm happens at night they all crowd into one another's rooms, as though numbers were a protection during the elemental strife; and one of them begins to recite the lines "On a Young Person Struck by Lightning," till the others say, "Don't! how can you be so horrid?" She wishes, perhaps, to make it clear that she knows all about "examples" and stands in no need of one; but the rest are of opinion that it is much better not to put the electric spark in mind of its capabilities for harm. But the thunder is really what they are most alarmed about. They are generally unacquainted with the works of Nature, and, if fashionable, conscious of very little love for her, "and perhaps" (they say to themselves) "it is a judgment on us." In the morning, when all is over, they come down to breakfast, looking a little pale, but as if nothing had happened, and the more audacious will observe, "I fancy there must have been some thunder about last night, for I have got my neuralgia again."

An incident has just come under my personal knowledge which, if it were not a mere coincidence, would be a valuable addition to our anecdotes of instinct. A little child living in Maida Vale, who had a pet tortoise, was invited to spend a few days in Russell Square. She departed with her nurse on a Monday with the little animal on her lap in the cab. On Tuesday morning a letter was received at her own home with the sad intelligence that the tortoise, having been taken into the gardens of Russell Square, had been lost in that leafy wilderness, to the inconsolable grief of its proprietress. Two hours after the receipt of this news a Maida Vale neighbour brought in a tortoise, which she had found in the public garden *there*, and made no doubt was the one belonging to the child in question, in whose custody she had seen it. Strange as it seems that a tortoise, where only one other had ever been seen (probably since the creation of the world), should have been found there, it is less strange than that rare and remarkable creature should have left Bloomsbury and returned to its own home, by way of Oxford Street, or even the Marylebone Road (its two alternatives). If any confidence is to be placed in *Æsop*, a tortoise could not have accomplished the distance in the time, though it would doubtless otherwise have had a better chance of arrival than a hare. I thought of writing to the *Spectator* about it, but was afraid that the editor might have scented a joke, whereas the facts are exactly as above stated. Dogs and cats are used to accomplish such return journeys every day; I believe in them just as much and no more than I believe in ghosts; but I know this tortoise personally, and, except for a sort of paralytic action of its head and legs, it might just as well have been a letter-weight. On the other hand, where the dickens did the other tortoise come from?

Everybody is complaining that there is nothing in the pipers but electioneering intelligence. Literature, Science and Art—indeed, everything but the records of crime—are being sacrificed to it. It is very important, no doubt, but if it could be published in a supplement, to be read or not as we choose, it would be a great improvement. There is one class of person, we may be sure, who would be glad if it was all over—the candidates. "Would it were supper-time, and all were well!" is *their* motto. One pities them, on whatever side they are, and in whatever weather; if it is wet, they are drenched, and if it is warm they are suffocated—even if nothing hits them in the eye. For all that, it is certain that a General Election is popular, as are all gratuitous entertainments; and it is even whispered that in some cases not only is the entrance free of charge, but that people are paid for their attendance. A philosopher of my acquaintance, whose morals are beyond reproach in other respects, contends that votes *ought* to be a saleable commodity. "I don't care twopence about politics," he says, "and why should I not get two pounds—or, still better, twenty—for the exercise of a privilege I do not value? It may be a low view of a great constitutional trust, but this is a free country." It is quite shocking to hear him, but in their heart of hearts there are probably at least two millions of people who agree with him. It is a dreadful thing to have the courage of one's opinions.

LIFE IN AN OPEN.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

Be not too hasty and captious, reader, to object to my title at starting. I do not mean the Open. Neither do I mean an open boat, or an opening, or anything of that sort. No! For twenty years I lived in The Close—that was my address, and much I liked it—and, in my view, life in a Cathedral Close for a student who is in touch with the spirit of the Close is the very happiest life that now remains upon earth for the children of men. But now I live in an Open, and here, I fear me, I shall die; and if I do, there my bones will be laid, as the bones of many generations of my betters have been laid during the lapse of ages. If there is such a territory as may be, and is, fitly called a *Close*, why should not there be such a territory as may be, and is, fitly called an *Open*?

"Oh! It's a territory, is it?" Yes, it is—it is such a territory as people usually call a parish; but what a parish really means—that is, what was the origin of the parish—I am sorry to say that I do not feel as able to explain as I could wish. I daresay I know as much about that question as most people do; but I do not know more than most people do, and therefore I shrink from speaking dogmatically.

Now, a Close is a territory which belongs to a single owner, whether that owner be a corporation or a person; as a Town Close, or a Cathedral Close, or a *Close Parish*. But an Open is a territory which is not dominated over by any one person or corporation, because it is a territory which is owned by several owners; and in our Open you have, in fact, a community in which there is no one who is supreme, where what government there is is of a Republican or Democratic character.

There is a very widespread delusion in the public mind that every country parish is a very close parish, and that there are two people, and only two, who have a word to say in any country parish, and those two are the squire and the parson. Moreover, as the parson is a small personage and the squire is a very powerful personage, whatever the squire says, that the parson supports, and between the two the farmer and the rest of the inhabitants are kept down pretty strictly; and as for the sons of the soil, they are mere serfs, and a serf, everybody knows, is a downtrodden slave who may be put in the stocks any day if he kills a rat without leave, or may be treated to the "scavenger's daughter" or the thumbscrew if he does not go to church twice on Sundays. All that may be quite true, for anything I know to the contrary. There may be such parishes somewhere, and they must be rather uncomfortable places to live in, but I have never lived in such a parish, and I do not know anybody who does; and, as I like my own way, and like to see other people have theirs too, if they don't meddle with me, and put the thumbscrews on my hands and make me scream, I have no desire to live in a close parish for a continuance. Nevertheless, I should like to see such a place, because it must be so very unlike anything I have had experience of that it would be a novelty to me to spend a week or two there.

To begin with, our Open is a rather large Open. It is a territory very considerably larger than the City of London and the City of Westminster put together, for it extends over 3763 acres, and it is traversed by twenty-one miles of road. It is not a territory which is quite as densely populated as Lambeth, but it has almost as many inhabitants as are good for it, though they say—and I believe they are right—there is not an acre of bad land in our Open.

But the odd fact regarding this Open of ours is that from the beginning of time, as far as we can make out, it has always been an Open. It has never had a squire who was supreme in it. It has never had a great house with a couple of gardeners and a five-stall stable in it. It has never had a landlord owning five hundred acres of land in it and driving his carriage and pair; and though there are now only three lords of manors, whose stewards hold their courts and levy the dues, the manors themselves are not three but six in number, four of the old manors having gradually got into the hands of one proprietor, though he has no residence in the place; and as to the old manor-houses, I am not sure that I could point them out, and very few, if any, of the inhabitants could tell you with confidence where they are.

As I have said, a close parish means, for the most part, a parish owned by a single proprietor. Our Open boasts of at least fifty owners, great and small. In a close parish the land never changes hands, it is usually "settled"—that is, the estate is entailed from father to son upon the next heir-at-law. In our Open I believe there are not two hundred acres that might not be sold to-morrow morning, and as to those two hundred acres—if, indeed, there are so many—they were bought some thirty years ago by a good man who, starting with nothing, had a genius for making and saving money, and who, when his pile began to grow big, was consumed by the passionate desire "to keep the property together and tie it up in the family," i.e., the family which the old gentleman had raised and tumbled into the world somehow. The *arsyteek* of his own fortunes was by no means an aristocrat: he rose from the plough, or something like it, and, whatever his posterity may think about that, I, for one, think that is all to his honour. Not a year has passed during the twelve years I have known our Open in which one or more estates have not been sold—sometimes by private contract, sometimes under the hammer. Land is bought in our Open as easily as a load of hay, and rather more easily than a load of straw. Land and houses are changing hands every season. A fortnight ago four acres and a house and buildings upon it were sold for some £300, and if you are inclined to buy that same little property at a reasonable advance, I suspect

you may get it for a consideration. If I could afford the money, I would buy it to-morrow morning. Any gentleman anxious to be a landed proprietor has only to apply to me, and he may be accommodated with some half-a-dozen little estates in our Open, of which he may take his choice, varying in extent from a couple of acres to a hundred acres or so. I'm not sure we couldn't accommodate him with a public house, or a couple of "very desirable residences, with the usual offices."

Have we got any allotments? Yes, and we have had them for half a century. Have we any small holdings? Yes, and we have had them since the year one. Is our Open at all like "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain"? At the present stage of the inquiry I decline to proceed to particulars.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A terrible disaster in a balloon ascent took place on Wednesday, June 29, at the Crystal Palace, where the festival of the London Sunday-school choirs was being held, and nearly 24,000 people visited the Palace that day. Part of the special entertainments arranged was furnished by a professional balloon-maker and aeronaut, Mr. W. D. Dale, of Grosvenor Villa, Plaistow, who undertook to go up from the grounds for the gratification of the spectators. He was usually styled "Captain Dale," as the commander and owner of his vessel in aerial navigation, and had made numerous successful voyages in past years. The balloon he used on this occasion had been made by his wife, completing it just before Easter, but of material, cambric, which had formed part of an old larger balloon, called "The Giant"; he went up with it twice, and met with no accident, but the second time, on June 20, it got very wet; it was then oiled, and was stowed away in the Palace. On June 29 it was found to have a small tear in it, about two inches long, which Mrs. Dale repaired, and she then considered it quite sound and safe. It was inflated with 38,000 cubic feet of gas from the main of the Sydenham Gas Company, being near the north tower

MR. DALE.



THE FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT: MR. W. D. DALE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

of the Palace. Shortly before six o'clock in the evening, Mr. Dale, accompanied by his son William, nineteen years of age, with Mr. John Macintosh, of Tottenham, and Mr. Cecil Shadbolt, a gentleman staying with friends at Bromley-by-Bow, entered the car. Mr. Dale gave the word to let go, and the balloon rose about 600 ft., moving with the wind in a southerly direction. In a few minutes it was seen to collapse, with a large rent near the top pouring out the gas; the men in the car were observed casting out all the ballast and loose articles, but down fell the balloon and car on the greensward between the maze and the lower lake. Everyone hastened to the spot, with the inspector of the Crystal Palace police, and two or three medical men, one being Dr. Hammersley, of Catford. They found Mr. Dale quite dead, with a fractured neck and almost every bone in his body broken. His son was unconscious from violent concussion of the brain; Mr. Shadbolt had one leg and several ribs fractured, with some injury to the head; while Mr. Macintosh had severe internal injuries, and was badly cut by falling on the grapping irons. These patients were removed to the Norwood Cottage Hospital. A Coroner's inquest has returned, in Mr. Dale's case, a verdict of accidental death.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AT CRICKET.

The fifty-eighth cricket match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, played during three days on Lord's ground, ended on Saturday afternoon, July 2, with the victory of Oxford by five wickets in the second innings. In the first innings, on the Thursday, Oxford scored 365, of which 140 runs were made by Mr. M. R. Jardine. Cambridge, beginning that evening and continuing next morning, scored but 160, Mr. G. J. V. Weigall, who was not out, making 63 off his own bat. The performance of Mr. Jardine was remarkable: he was in nearly five hours, and made twenty-one fours, five threes, and six twos. In the second innings, however, Cambridge rivalled the achievements of the Oxford first innings; Mr. E. C. Streatfeild made 116 in two hours, including sixteen fours, and the total score was 388. The Oxford men went in at half-past one o'clock, with Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, who kept his wicket, scoring 71, till the game stopped at a quarter past five. Mr. Jardine, also, in the second innings had made 39. The bowling of Mr. F. S. Jackson and Mr. Streatfeild on the Cambridge side, and of Mr. J. B. Wood, Mr. G. F. Berkeley, and Mr. T. S. B. Wilson on the Oxford side, was very effective.

THE GENERAL ELECTION: SCENE OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

The public excitement in London is stimulated by the ingenious modes of announcing the election results. At the National Liberal Club there is an electric flash-light, which carries over a considerable radius the figures of each return. There is also an arrangement for showing the results in a transparency by means of a magic lantern, and great throngs wait patiently for the illuminated numerals far into the night. Our contemporary the *Daily Graphic* exhibits the state of parties in its window on two ladders, one of which is being clambered by Mr. Gladstone and the other by Lord Salisbury. Englishmen never reach that temperature of excitement which afflicts Frenchmen or Americans at election time, but the nightly scenes in the National Liberal Club testify to no small capacity for nervous exaltation. The political devotion of the multitude who stand under the terrace of the club, watching the transparent sheet, has been sorely tried by the weather, but even the heavy rain on the second night of the polls failed to damp the popular fervour. Inside the club the tension of waiting was relieved from time to time by the speeches of successful candidates, but the closeness of the struggle all over the country made the demonstrations of enthusiasm less notable than the prolonged strain of anxious eagerness.

THE TRAVELLING ORATOR.

I came across him in a remote village in Hampshire (writes an artist correspondent). Drawn up in a farmyard was his van, gorgeous with colour and political inscriptions. At eight o'clock, when the performance began, in a large brick barn, the rays of the setting sun were still stealing, here and there, through cracks of the doors and boardings; a small table, on which were a couple of candles, and three chairs furnished the platform, and the auditorium was dimly lit by two oil-lamps

hung on opposite walls. The large building was soon filled with the agricultural voter, and, in some cases, his wife or sweetheart; many had walked in from long distances, lured, I fancied, more by the attraction of the magic lantern than by the political discourse which preceded it. After the chairman, an apparently popular landlord of the neighbourhood, had introduced the speaker, the third person on the platform, a small farmer, well known as a local politician, rose to his legs, and, taking well-known oratorical attitudes, gave a humorous and energetic ten-minutes' speech in his own Hampshire accent, and was loudly applauded; and then the lecturer, a young man, who, I should think, had just left the University, got up and gave Hodge an outline of his view of the political questions of the day in simple language and with a funny story now and then as an illustration. Two or three interruptions were made by a gentleman who had been spending too long a time at the "Fox and Hounds." I think he was finally held down and sat upon by his friends.

There was a sigh of relief when the address came to an end and the magic lantern began. Photographs about 12 ft. square on the white cloth gave vivid ideas of scenes in Ireland and political events; and heads of Balfour, Gladstone, and other politicians, measuring 6 ft. or

more from forehead to chin, were monstrous enough to frighten little Liberals and Conservatives into fits.

HENLEY REGATTA.

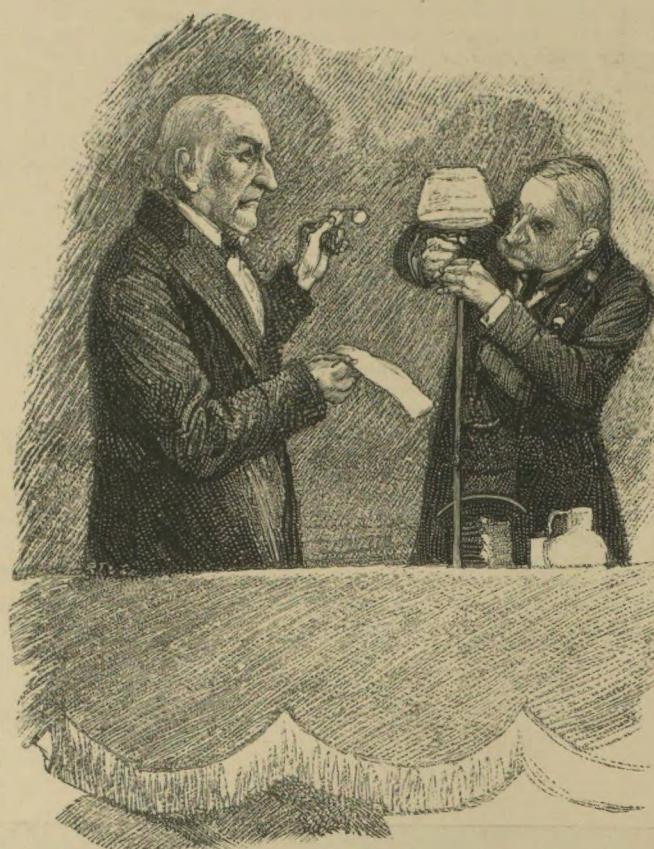
"Ils se ressemblent comme les deux gouttes d'eau," said some irate individual, blazer-clad and unhappy in the rain that swept down the Henley course on Tuesday afternoon. He was speaking of the Henleys which have been, of the regattas numbered during sixty years or more—and he was right. Henley fine or Henley wet, the prototype is easily recalled, the brilliant vista of a thousand colours, the house-boats laden with flowers, the sparkling stream and the garish-hued flannels; or the reach, dull and dark under the leaden clouds which gather over Hambleden, the thousand umbrellas, the dripping oarsmen, the angry faces, and the girlish disappointment. Choose as you may, and the finger is laid on the year, the date, when the sun shone or the rain fell, when it was good to lunch on Temple Island or better to lunch in Pall Mall.

Looking over the course on Monday, one prophesied a great Henley. Then were present all things to make it so: a fiery sun burnishing the stream like a shining mirror, wherein the house-boats saw themselves; a gentle breeze which banished lassitude; a line of strange craft from the Brasenose barge below the corner to Lord E. S. Churchill's launch, the Ruby, near the Farm. Every kind of aquatique tenebris seemed to have been brought out for the picnic; great craft like the Marquis of Ailsa's Merrivale, a very hothouse with ferns and palms and flowering plants in abundance, to tiny little vessels but half adorned, and stamped with the unmistakable stamp of the bachelor. There were our old friends the Dolce Far Niente, the Waterwitch, the British Queen, from Balliol; the Coquette, from the Albany Club; the Red Rover, the Summerholme, the Undine, large enough for the aquatic ambition of Colonel North, and perhaps the largest boat on the course; the Rêve d'Or, ablaze with gold, the Water Lily, the score of launches, the tents which the Isthmians had raised to themselves, the showmen ordering their wares, the many-coloured oarsmen loafing on the bridge or by the unstable boat-houses, the sharp cries of the coaches mounted on fearful and wonderful horses. This was Henley herself again, clothed and in her right mind, and when night fell, and patient people made music for wandering people to listen to, there was the picture which has caused this one fixture to be set down as the picturesque in our Constitution, the only really enjoyable meeting in the year.

THE NEW MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN.

The picture of Mr. Gladstone at the age of eighty-three, and after sixty years of public life, entering on his sixth campaign in Midlothian is one that cannot fail to strike the imagination and stir the admiration of Englishmen of all schools of political thought. Buoyant as a youth just commencing his first election fight, Mr. Gladstone sets forth for the fray. But while bent on addressing his own constituents, and carrying through his own election, he allows himself to be turned aside, as of yore, to say a word here, make a speech there, and take advantage of whatever opportunity may occur on his progress from Hawarden to the Scottish capital to assist the return of the candidates of his party in constituencies along his triumphal route. Surely, none of his constituents would wonder if the Grand Old Man appealed for election without being troubled to go through the contest in person. For the sake of "auld lang syne" he would be re-elected. But such a thought probably never entered his head. His greatest enemies have never accused him of a desire to shirk work or spare himself trouble.

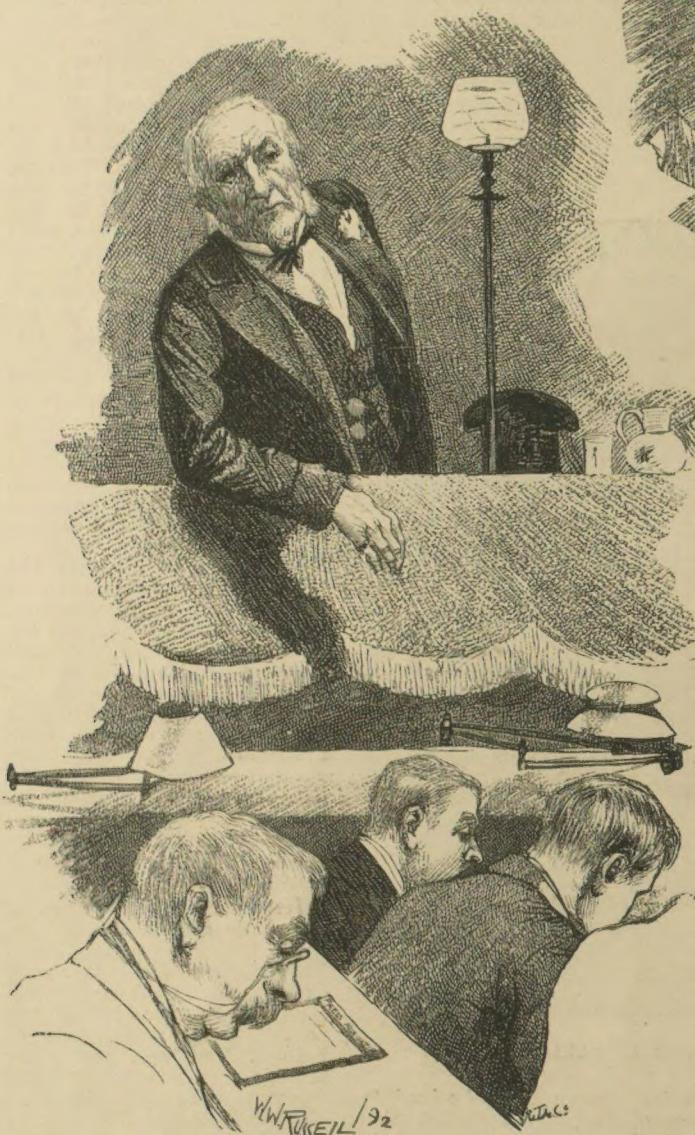
What a reception he had from the guid folk of Edinburgh, who turned out in their enthusiastic thousands to see and cheer him! Many a woman tells with pride how she held her



IN THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.

THE G.O.M. DESIRES A LITTLE MORE LIGHT THROWN ON THE SUBJECT.

of things. Mr. Gladstone is the centre of all interest, and the chairmen at his meetings never fall into the sin which proverbially besets the typical chairman of a public meeting, of intruding a long speech of his own in front of that of the principal performer. Even the crowd in the streets, supremely anxious as each individual unit in it is to obtain the best view, never seems to forget the necessity of avoiding inconvenience to the central figure. How patiently, too, the audiences wait during long hours for the commencement of the proceedings, and with what rapturous applause they greet the popular statesman when he at length appears upon the platform, none but they who have witnessed the scene can imagine. Then, after the briefest interval, he rises to speak, and is compelled to stand while the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth uncontrolled for minutes; finally, the applause dies down into that proverbial silence in which one can hear a pin drop, and as one man the whole audience hangs spellbound on the lips of the old man eloquent, while he unfolds the details of his future policy, pours forth scathing criticism on that of his opponents, and perorates in a sentence that raises the whole question to the highest moral heights and elevates the popular politician for the nonce to the level of a prophet. Then, after the shortest closing formalities of a vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by the great leader with an old-world grace which few of the rhetoricians of the past possessed and none of his contemporary orators can approach, the proceedings close and the crowd disperses, not as after an ordinary speech, but as after one which will be recorded in the pages of the country's history for its great political importance, and, above all, will be enshrined among the finest specimens of human oratory.



IN THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.

"Many hundreds, I think some thousands, of tenants have been put in prison. Some reporters of the Press have been put in prison."

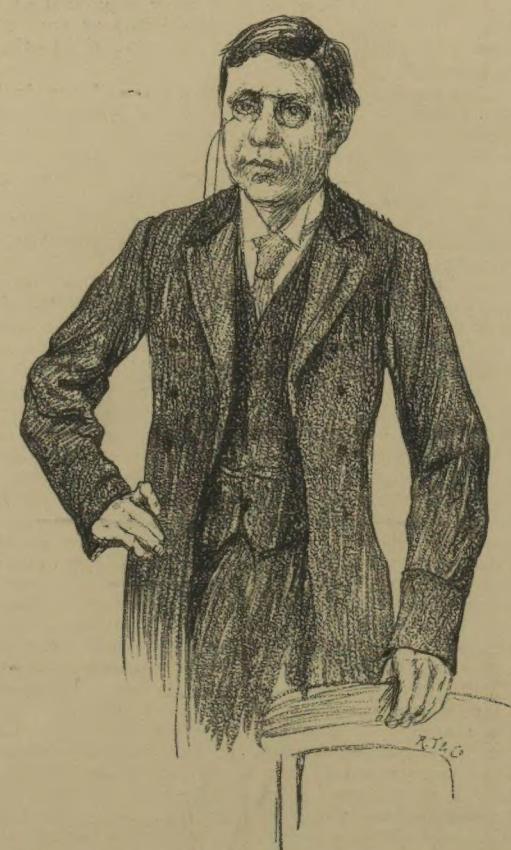


IN THE MUSIC-HALL, EDINBURGH.

"What says Lord Salisbury? He says—he uses these words—"that the antagonism of the National Party is not imaginary, as it is contended"—that is, of the National Party to the rest of their fellow-countrymen."



MR. GLADSTONE APPROVES OF MR. HERBERT PAUL'S SPEECH.



MR. HERBERT PAUL, CANDIDATE FOR THE SOUTHERN DIVISION OF EDINBURGH.

"I have told you that that was the correspondence of this excellent, this brave, general, Sir Lintorn Simmons. I hold in my hand the draft ordinance which expressed the views that he set forth in that correspondence, and which exhibits the relation which Lord Salisbury, it appears, seeks to establish between the British Government and the Court of Rome."



MR. HENRY M. STANLEY IN NORTH LAMBETH.

HUMOURS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.—I.

Drawn by Phil May.

In observing the manners and humours of a contested Parliamentary election, apart from the main political interest of its result in national affairs, there is abundant study of the varieties of class types and individual characters, illustrative of the grand "human comedy" which is played on many stages, with frequent shifts of scenery and changes of phrase, wherever people are eagerly speaking or doing anything that they fancy worth the effort. An exhibition of vehement enthusiasm is always interesting to the tolerant looker-on who likes vivacity of expression as a healthy symptom of popular life, who has an eye and an ear for all that is quaint and queer in a crowd or in a single figure, in the voices and language of a mixed assembly, or of the speaker on platforms and hustings. It is good to see the faculties of imagination and sympathy—and even that imaginative antipathy, or hostility, which is, after all, merely an effect of sympathy with those of one's own party—excited, within decent limits, in multitudes of mankind. There is

something of the romantic quality, there is nothing of sordid selfishness, in the ideal admiration which possesses the minds of common people, who can expect no fame, no distinction, no direct profit to themselves personally, from the success of a favourite candidate or of a Parliamentary party.

The romantic element, as we have said, is often present on such occasions, and is perhaps seldom wholly absent from the predilection for any public personage who has become famous, either as an orator, an author, or a man of action, in which last category, if Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, had stood as candidate for a London constituency three years ago, when he was the "Lion" of the season, his reputed heroism would have gained him many suffrages. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the romance of his adventurous career, though he has, since his return from the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, traversed no more tropical forests nor endured with his comrades and followers such perils and

hardships and fought such terrible bands of savages as he did between the Aruwimi and Lake Albert Nyanza, has been crowned by the most interesting event in a hero's life. Mr. Stanley is married; a lady of high accomplishments. Miss Dorothy Tennant, who is known to be a kind lover of poor London "street Arabs," and whose skilful pencil has been employed in depicting their childish grace, their droll gestures, their wayward frolics, with a touch of womanly pity and charity seldom excelled in such drawings, gave her heart and hand to the veteran African traveller, the eminent founder of the Congo Free State. We cannot doubt that the presence of Mrs. Stanley at some of the meetings in North Lambeth on behalf of her husband would more than compensate for any want of recollection of the long series of his brilliant exploits. The Sketches made by our Artist, however, do not show so much of the candidate and his wife as of some incidental groups and figures, which resemble those likely to appear at other contested elections.

PERSONAL.

The Gaikwar or Maharajah of Baroda, with his wife the Maharani and their sons, visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle on Monday, July 4. His Highness, Sayaji Rao Bahadur, of the Mahratta race, is the hereditary prince and ruler of a native State in Western India, to the north of Bombay and Surat, containing a population of more than two millions, nineteen-tenths of them Hindoos. This Principality forms the most important portion of Guzerat, which region occupies,



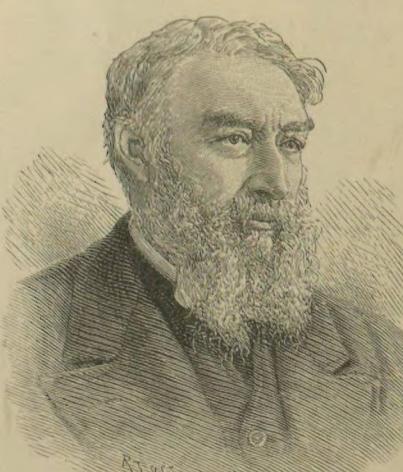
THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

with the peninsula of Kattywar, between the shores of the Gulf of Cambay and those of the Gulf and inlets of Cutch, a considerable extent of sea-coast and of inland territory; the latter being watered by several large rivers, and generally fertile. Baroda, connected by railway with Bombay, is a place of some commercial traffic, and the capital has its attractions for European visitors. The Prince of Wales was hospitably entertained there at the period of his tour in India; and other English guests have shared in the Gaikwar's Court festivities, the field sports, and various diversions, for which Baroda is rather noted.

M. Dauvergne, a manufacturer and merchant of Srinagar, the capital of Cashmere, has just completed a narrative of his remarkable adventures among the Pamir steppes and the Muatagh Mountains in 1880-90, and a translation of the report has reached England. The principal object of his journey was to erect a monument over the place where Mr. Andrew Dalgleish, another traveller of repute, had been treacherously assassinated by an Afghan in March 1888, and on the spot referred to (about 300 yards below the Karakoram Pass, which divides the Central Asian basin from the watershed of the Indian rivers) a truncated pyramid of stones was duly erected, surmounted by a pillar of white marble with an inscription in Arabic and English. A minor object on M. Dauvergne's part was to shoot *oris poli*, and after some toilsome stalking of these handsome animals over rocks and glaciers at a height of 14,000 ft. above sea-level three fine heads were secured, each of the horns of which measured five feet in length. Some other expeditions were met with, including those of Major Cumberland and Lieutenant Bower, on sport intent, and of Colonel Pevtsoff, the Russian explorer, with whom the meeting of the French traveller appears to have been of a most cordial character. Here on the frozen slopes of the Indian Caucasus an excellent dinner *à la Russe* was served with wine from Samarcand and coffee and cigars from goodness knows where. It is, perhaps, no wonder to learn that the Russian and French explorers struck up a warm friendship, but it is a little surprising that M. Dauvergne, who has lived, and presumably prospered, in British India for twenty-five years, should not only profess the most unbounded admiration for the Russians, but should do so at the expense of our countrymen, remarking that a man must have lived in India to have some idea of the difference in the characters of the two nations. Such a comment does not sound very gracious from a foreign resident speaking of the land of his adoption.

Dr. Hans Richter conducted his last concert for the present season on Monday, July 4, when, despite strong counter-attractions at the two opera houses, St. James's Hall was filled by a large and enthusiastic audience. Beethoven and Wagner again furnished the greater portion of the programme, the former master being represented by his overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses." In the opening and closing scenes from "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and the overture to "Tannhäuser," the far-famed Richter orchestra once more asserted its admired qualities of precision, refinement, and sonority. These excerpts were very loudly applauded, and a hearty recall was accorded Madame Nordica for her superb rendering of Brünnhilde's final address to the Gibichungs. A fine performance of Berlioz's symphonie fantastique, "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," ended the concert, at the close of which Dr. Richter received a hearty farewell ovation.

The late Marquis of Drogheda, whose sudden death from apoplexy, at his house in London, on June 29, has occasioned much regret, was in his sixty-seventh year. He was one of the most popular Irish noblemen, a great patron of sport, and founder of the Punchestown races. Son of Lord Henry Seymour Moore, he succeeded his uncle, the second Marquis, in 1837, sat in the House of Lords as Baron Moore, a peer of the United Kingdom, and



THE LATE MARQUIS OF DROGHEDA.

voted with the Conservative Party. The earldom of Drogheda was bestowed, at the accession of Charles II., on Viscount Moore, descendant of an old Kentish family whose younger sons had become military settlers in Ireland under Elizabeth and James I. At the Union of Ireland with Great Britain the earls were raised to the rank of marquis.

Among the eminent academical dignitaries of Trinity College, Dublin, who have received guests and delegates at the

Tercentenary celebration, and whose reputation as men of learning is as well known in England as in Ireland, the highest official rank belongs to two clergymen, the Provost and Vice-Provost. The former is the Rev. George Salmon, D.D., who was elected Regius Professor of Divinity in 1866, and is the author of sermons and theological or devotional writings highly valued, but is also distinguished as a mathematician. His treatises on conic sections, plane curves, and the higher algebra have been translated into several foreign languages, and have gained him the medal of the Royal Society. Dr. Salmon presided over a section of the British Association at its Dublin meeting fourteen years ago. He has been four years Provost of Trinity College. The Rev. Joseph Carson, D.D., who is senior Fellow, was elected Vice-Provost in 1890.

The professors of this College and of Dublin University, both in science and in literature, are men worthy to represent an institution so long renowned as the head of Irish intellectual culture. Sir Robert Stawell Ball, F.R.S., Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, was educated here, and in 1867 became Professor of Applied Mathematics and Science at the Dublin Royal College of Science, but was elected, in 1874, to the Andrews' Professorship of Astronomy in the University. In the present year, 1892, he has been appointed to succeed Adams as Lowndes Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge, where he is also Director of the Observatory, and holds a Fellowship of King's College. Sir Robert Ball, who is fifty-two years of age, is married, and resides at the Dublin Observatory, a few miles distant from the city. His books, entitled "The Starry Heavens," "The Story of the Heavens," "Time and Tide," "The Cause of an Ice Age," and "Star-Land," have gained wide popularity. He has been a frequent and acceptable lecturer in many towns of the United Kingdom. One of his avocations is that of scientific adviser to the Irish Board of Lighthouses. The versatility of his mind is shown by his attention to zoology and natural history, and to geology, and by his contributions to mechanical science, including a "Theory of Screws."

The Regius Professor of Physic or Medicine, Sir John Banks, K.C.B., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Dublin, is highly esteemed in his profession; he has been President of the College of Physicians of Ireland and of the British Medical Association, and is one of the General Medical Council of the United Kingdom.

To many students of Greek literature, history, poetry, and philosophy, from the broadest and most instructive point of

view, regarding the influences of Hellenic life and thought as widely spread, pregnant with ethical vitality, and prolonged in fruitful activity under the Macedonian and the Roman rule, Professor J. P. Mahaffy is not a stranger. His accurate historical and critical works on the Greek poets and prose authors, his review of "Greek Social Life, from Homer to

Menander," and his agreeable books of travel and topography, such as "Rambles and Studies in Greece," are very refreshing gifts of classical scholarship. Mr. Mahaffy is a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, where he took the highest honours after having commenced his education in Germany; he has been Professor of Ancient History since 1871; is also, we believe, examiner in classics, philosophy, music, and modern languages; has produced commentaries on Kant's metaphysics; and has further been notable for his prowess in the cricket-field with the "Irish Eleven," at the Wimbledon rifle-meetings with the "Irish Eight," and as an angler in the Irish salmon rivers.

One of the most interesting personalities at Trinity College is Professor Dowden, to whom we are indebted for a letter upon the Tercentenary celebration. Professor Dowden long since made his mark upon English literature by his profound studies of Shakspere and Goethe. He has written admirable biographies of Shelley and Southey and a multiplicity of luminous articles upon different phases of literature. Professor Dowden was born in Cork in 1843, and was educated at Queen's College. He has held the chair of English Literature at Trinity since 1867, and has recently taken a prominent part at Liberal Unionist meetings in Ireland.

Among the members of the new Parliament, everybody who recollects "The Battle of Dorking" will be interested to note the name of Sir George Chesney. Sir George has held high office in India, but his services to the State pale before the reputation he achieved some twenty years ago by the brochure which set all England discussing the possibilities of a foreign invasion. Sir George Chesney now enters the House of Commons as member for Oxford, but we trust that in his case Parliament will not prove the grave of literary ambition, as it has done too often. The ranks of Parliamentary authors have not been enriched by the accession of Mr. H. M. Stanley, whose defeat, indeed, is actually ascribed by his successful opponent in North Lambeth, Mr. Alderman Coldwells, to the very fact that he had written a book. Mr. Archibald Grove, the new member for North West Ham, is not an author, but he is a potent cause of much writing by others, being the editor of the *New Review*. To the scholarship of the House of Commons the most noteworthy addition is made by Mr. J. G. Butcher, who has won a seat for the Government at York. Mr. Butcher is a great mathematician, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Madame Calvé and Signor de Lucia were honoured with a very gracious reception on the occasion of their "command" visit to Windsor Castle, on Saturday, July 2. Accompanied by Signor Tosti, the two artists went through a highly interesting selection from Signor Mascagni's two operas, including the "Ave Maria," founded upon the intermezzo in "Cavalleria Rusticana," which Madame Calvé by her Majesty's express desire was called upon to repeat. In the duet from the work just named, Madame Calvé and Signor de Lucia, by the Queen's permission, went through the scene with gestures and action precisely as if they were

performing it upon the stage, and her Majesty was greatly touched by the pathos of Madame Calvé's singing and acting. The gifted French artist thrice received the honour of a high compliment from the Queen, who was pleased to congratulate her as well as Signor de Lucia upon their re-engagement for Covent Garden next season.

The death, in London, of the Hon. John Robson, Provincial Secretary of British Columbia, was caused by injury from a singular accident, the circumstances of which have been explained at a coroner's inquest. He was here to negotiate a Government loan for the colony, and on June 20 took a cab to drive to the Treasury for a conference with Mr. Goschen. In alighting, he got the little finger of his right hand crushed by the sudden closing of the door of the cab. Being in not very

THE LATE HON. JOHN ROBSON.

good health, from overwork in official business, the festering wound, in the course of a week, caused poisoning of his blood; on June 27, the finger was amputated, but two days later he died. Mr. Robson, who was sixty-eight years of age, was born a Canadian, in the province of Ontario, emigrated to British Columbia in 1859, established a newspaper there, and was elected to the Provincial Legislative Assembly in 1866; he became Prime Minister in 1889, and was a useful colonial politician.

Canada's natal day was, for the first time, commemorated in London this year by a Dominion Day dinner on July 1, and the whole colonial world came together to celebrate the event. Lord Knutsford reminded the company that it was his lot as plain Mr. Holland at the Colonial Office to watch over, under Lord Blachford and Lord Carnarvon, the steps by which twenty-five years ago Canada became a confederated Dominion, and he cordially congratulated the Canadians upon their activity since that time. Young Mr. Tupper, the British Agent to the Behring Sea Arbitration Commission, bore testimony to the cordial sympathy now governing Canada's relations with the mother country, and his father, Sir Charles Tupper, led his fellow Canadians to honour with enthusiasm the success of confederation and the promise of Canada's greater power among British communities. Mr. Dibbs was the representative of "The Sister Colonies," and he made it clear that his policy is to be one of cordial co-operation with Canada in the development of inter-colonial steam-ship and telegraphic communications. Altogether the celebration was a great success, and should prove the first of a long series of such helpful gatherings.

The diocese of Quebec has not followed the example set by some colonial sees. The choice of a bishop in succession to the late Right Rev. J. W. Williams has fallen upon the Rev. Andrew Hunter Dunn, M.A., so well known as vicar for twenty years of All Saints', South Acton. The see is one of the oldest in Canada, and there was a severe contest for the post. Mr. Dunn was a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and graduated twenty-ninth wrangler in 1863. His clerical experience has lain wholly in London, and since 1870 in Acton. He is a decided High Churchman, and a local officer of the English Church Union.

There can be no feeling but pity and compassion for the ill-fated professional aeronaut, "Captain" or Mr. William Duncan Dale, of Plaistow, who lost his life in such a frightful way at the Crystal Palace; and not less for his wife, who had made and mended the balloon with her own hands, and whom, with her daughter, he affectionately kissed before entering the car. Mr. Dale went up, he and his son and two friends, doubtless expecting to be safe at home with his family in two

THE LATE MR. W. D. DALE, THE AERONAUT.

or three hours. We are shocked and sorry. But the balloon was probably unfit for use at the risk of four men's lives, or of one; it was made of old cambric, the material of a former balloon; it had been very wet nine days before, had not then been dried, but had been oiled and packed up; no wonder it was rotten! Some rule of careful inspection, by persons of competent scientific knowledge, before a balloon is allowed to ascend, should certainly be adopted at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Lafayette, of Dublin, for our portrait of the late Marquis of Drogheda; to Messrs. Hall and Lowe, of Victoria, British Columbia, for that of the late Hon. J. Robson; to Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent Street, London, for that of Professor Mahaffy; to Messrs. Cobb and Co., High Road, Tottenham, for that of the late Mr. W. D. Dale; to Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, London, for that of Sir Robert Ball; and to Mr. W. Lawrence, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, for those of Sir Thomas Banks, the Rev. Dr. Salmon, the Rev. Dr. Carson, and Professor Dowden.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen intends to leave Windsor for Osborne on July 15, and, according to *Truth*, will stay in the Isle of Wight for exactly six weeks, and is then to proceed, on Friday, Aug. 26, to Balmoral until the middle of November.

Her Majesty gave a dinner party on July 4, at which Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg were present. The Maharajah Gaikwar of Baroda was among the guests.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Julian Pancefote, and Mr. George Strachey arrived at Windsor Castle on July 5 on a visit to the Queen. The Maharajah left Windsor on the morning of the 5th, and started for Lucerne on the 6th. His Highness expects to return in about a month's time to this country to make a tour in the Highlands.

The Prince of Wales gave a dinner party at Marlborough House last week, at which the guests were the King of Roumania, the Duke of Aosta, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and two of their daughters, Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Count Mensdorff.

Attended by Captain Holford, H.R.H. visited the second annual exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters on July 5 at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly, and likewise the Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery, Regent Street.

The pitched battle of parties has begun, and the combatants are loudly celebrating their victories or lamenting over the fallen. So far the tide of success inclines towards the Opposition. As usual, the struggle opened in the English boroughs, which were unfavourable to Mr. Gladstone both in 1885 and 1886. On the first day's polls in sixty-one constituencies the Liberals gained twelve seats and lost three. Their most notable successes were in the two divisions of West Ham, which are practically London boroughs; at Greenock, where Sir Thomas Sutherland, the chairman of the P. and O. Company, was ousted by a Gladstonian; at Great Grimsby, where Mr.

The speech-making has been quite eclipsed by the polling, and most electors are probably of opinion that they have heard and read quite enough rhetoric. But the leaders on both sides have kept up the storm of words. Mr. Gladstone is easily pre-eminent in this warfare. His speeches on the Irish question are justly ranked among the highest achievements of his eloquence. At Edinburgh he foreshadowed the "outlines" of his Home Rule scheme, laying great stress on the importance of retaining the Irish members at Westminster and on the difficulties of this arrangement. At Glasgow he dealt again with the Ulster question, and charged the Government with having placed the civil rights of British subjects in Malta at the mercy of the Pope. In subsequent speeches Mr. Gladstone touched on labour questions, and in addressing the miners of Midlothian adroitly suggested the application of local option to the question of eight hours.

Mr. Gladstone's allusions to Malta have provoked a letter from Sir Lintorn Simmons, who conducted the negotiations with the Vatican on the subject of the Maltese marriages. Sir Lintorn denies Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that the Government are in favour of an ordinance which will make invalid all marriages of Catholics who have changed their religion to escape from the control of Rome. On this point Mr. Gladstone appears to have been misinformed. But will Sir Lintorn Simmons explain his own despatch of Jan. 18, 1890? In this he announces that her Majesty's Government have accepted the principle by which the civil rights of a Catholic and a Protestant in Malta who marry in defiance of the formularies of the Roman Church are annulled! So the civil rights of the Queen's subjects in this part of the Empire are at the mercy of the Pope! This is a matter which needs a good deal more attention than the prophecies of Catholic persecution in Ireland.

To the refutation of Mr. Gladstone day by day Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen have devoted all their energies. Lord Randolph Churchill, who was the first member of the new Parliament, has broken a long silence by a speech in which

This idea has been sedulously advocated for some years by Mr. Howard Vincent and other Fair Traders, but the Chambers of Commerce would have none of it. Sir Thomas Farrer showed that our foreign trade had increased in an enormously greater ratio than our colonial trade, and that to raise the price of food-stuffs from the United States to encourage the farmer in Canada was a policy which the British consumer would never tolerate. The Chambers were of the same opinion by a majority of two to one.

An Inman liner, the City of Chicago, went on the rocks under the Old Head of Kinsale in a dense fog. All the passengers were saved, but it is doubtful whether the ship will be floated.

A warning to enterprising advertisers is furnished by the adventures of the Carbolic Smoke-Ball Company. This ball was invented to stay the ravages of the influenza, and its proprietors offered to pay anybody a hundred pounds who should catch the disease after trying their specific. They reckoned without the unlimited capacities of feminine energy. Mrs. Carhill thought she could earn that hundred pounds, so she bought the ball, had the influenza in spite of it, and convinced a jury that she had won the wager. The advertisers did not consider the fact that when a woman makes up her mind there is nothing in science that can withstand her.

The current topics of political discussion in France and Germany exhibit nothing of fresh interest. Prince Bismarck, at Kissingen, bears the latest rebuke and menace of the Berlin Ministerial Press, apparently, in stubborn silence, while the journalists who formerly lauded his every act now hasten to declare that he has put himself quite in the wrong. One Berlin editor, Herr Hugo Werth, of the *Freisinnige Zeitung*, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for the offence of stating that, in May last, the Emperor William infringed the law by shooting two stags at Schorhaide during the close season. This appears to be a mistake, inasmuch as the Schorhaide preserve is exempt from the law. The condition of the German East African Company's dominions still excites much anxiety. Dr. Carl Peters, the Imperial Commissioner, tendered his resignation. The company is bringing 500 Chinese coolies from Singapore to work in the tobacco plantations. This measure is severely condemned by the *Vossische Zeitung*, but the company's plantations are financially unprofitable, the loss in five years past being 640,000 marks. The foreign trade of Germany, on the whole, shows a considerable increase this year in the exports of iron and in the imports of coal, but not in other import trade. There is a project of holding a great International Exhibition at Berlin in the year 1900, which we hope will be a year of peace.

In France, whether by a coincidence of ideas without intentional rivalry, or from a motive less kind to Germany, notice had been given of a resolution inviting the Government of the Republic to fix the same date, 1900, for another "Exposition Universelle" in Paris. The Minister of Commerce has undertaken to do this. Many things may happen before then. The Bill to punish duelling, introduced by M. Cluseret, has won more support than was expected, and is to be considered by the Chamber of Deputies, although a committee has reported against it as unnecessary, on the grounds that "duelling is a fashion which must have its day, fatal duels are rare accidents, the War Office could suppress duels in the army, and abuses could be checked by the Penal Code." Parisian law students have proved the generous chivalry of male youth, and the liberal spirit of the French Bar, by rudely hooting down a learned young lady, Mdlle. Jeanne Chauvin, candidate for a legal degree, who was reading the prescribed thesis, having chosen for her theme an historical survey of the gradual admission of women to professional avocations. Two years ago the same degree was taken by a Roumanian lady in Paris without any such insult or obstruction. A congress on sanitary reforms for the welfare of the working classes, instituted by the sensible "Possibilist" section of French Socialists, with delegates from many towns, and with one Englishman, Mr. James Holmes, from the Leicester Trades Council, has commenced sitting in Paris.

The diplomatic mission of Sir Charles Euan Smith to the Sultan of Morocco has attracted notice in an unexpected quarter. The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna suggests that England and France may intend a partition of Morocco, or to assign different parts of that country to their respective protectorates. It happens, just now, that Italian and Spanish as well as British and French war-ships are lying at Tangier; and there is not the slightest reason for the Austrian journalist's ingenuous surmise.

The French colonial administration in Tonquin and Annam, Cochin China, has had to use military force against a band of pirates in a fortified position near Kiluat, where a sharp fight took place and sixteen French soldiers were killed, but the pirates were driven out. A French railway sub-contractor, M. Vizin, has been kidnapped and carried off by Chinese labourers with whom he had a dispute about wages. An Annamite girl has been guillotined for assassinating a woman who was the mistress of a European.

The Indian Government has admonished the Ameer of Afghanistan to desist from encroaching on the tribes and chiefs beyond his legitimate dominion, especially Umra Khan, of Bajaur; while the Ameer's difficulties, on another side, with the Hazaras of Kilanao and Oruzghan cause much uneasiness in Simla and other official high places, watchful over the north-western frontier of the Empire. We are not yet disposed, however, to credit the suspicions of "Russian activity" in that region. It has been resolved by the committee on Chin-Lushai affairs to recommend placing the Lushais in the hands of the Assam administration, while the Chins will be assigned to Burmah.

The Legislative Assemblies of our Australian colonies are opening their sessions with statements of financial and other business from their responsible Ministries. The revenue of Victoria for the past year has been £7,728,000, a decrease of £614,000, and Sir Graham Berry will propose an income-tax. In New South Wales, the revenue has increased by £495,000, and now amounts to £10,450,000. In Queensland there is a deficit; South and West Australian finances are fairly good; New Zealand has a surplus of £165,000, after paying off £100,000 of floating debt.

X.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred (from Jan. 2 to June 26, 1892) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.



A GARDEN PARTY AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Heneage, one of the Liberal Unionist leaders, was badly beaten by Mr. Josse; in East Bradford, Durham, and Boston. At Boston, Mr. William Ingram recovered the seat which he lost in 1886, and had the privilege of being the first victor to receive the acclamations of his party, as he headed the list of returns, which were eagerly awaited in London.

The second day's polls were not quite so favourable to the Opposition as the first. Six seats only were won by the Liberals, and exactly the same number by the supporters of the Government. In London, North Lambeth and West Islington were wrested from the Unionists. These victories were made all the more signal by the personality of the vanquished. Mr. Richard Chamberlain disappears from public life, and Mr. H. M. Stanley, who tried to discover North Lambeth on the banks of the Congo, is not likely to reappear before the world as a politician. On the other hand, the Liberals lost West St. Pancras, and in the country their losses included West Wolverhampton and Stockton, while their most important gain outside the Metropolis was a seat in Bristol. The general result of the second day's fighting was indecisive, but it is clear that if Mr. Gladstone is to have a majority the Liberals must strain every nerve.

Of the three Unionist gains the first day, a seat at York and another in West Nottingham, where Mr. Broadhurst was defeated, were the most important. The analysis of these sixty-one contested elections shows that, whereas the seats were represented in 1886 by forty-five Unionists and seventeen Liberals, they are now represented by thirty Liberals and thirty-one Unionists, a proportion which, should it be maintained throughout the elections, will give Mr. Gladstone a powerful majority in the new House of Commons. There are several surprises, however, in the contests which have been decided. A considerable number of seats have been won or retained by small majorities, and in the North of England the Liberal cause is not so strong as many of its supporters imagined. At Gateshead, for example, the Liberal preponderance has been much reduced. On the other hand, the Unionists have revealed unsuspected weakness in several of their strongholds, though everywhere the stubbornness of the fight is attested by the heaviness of the polls. It cannot be said that the democracy is apathetic about this election.

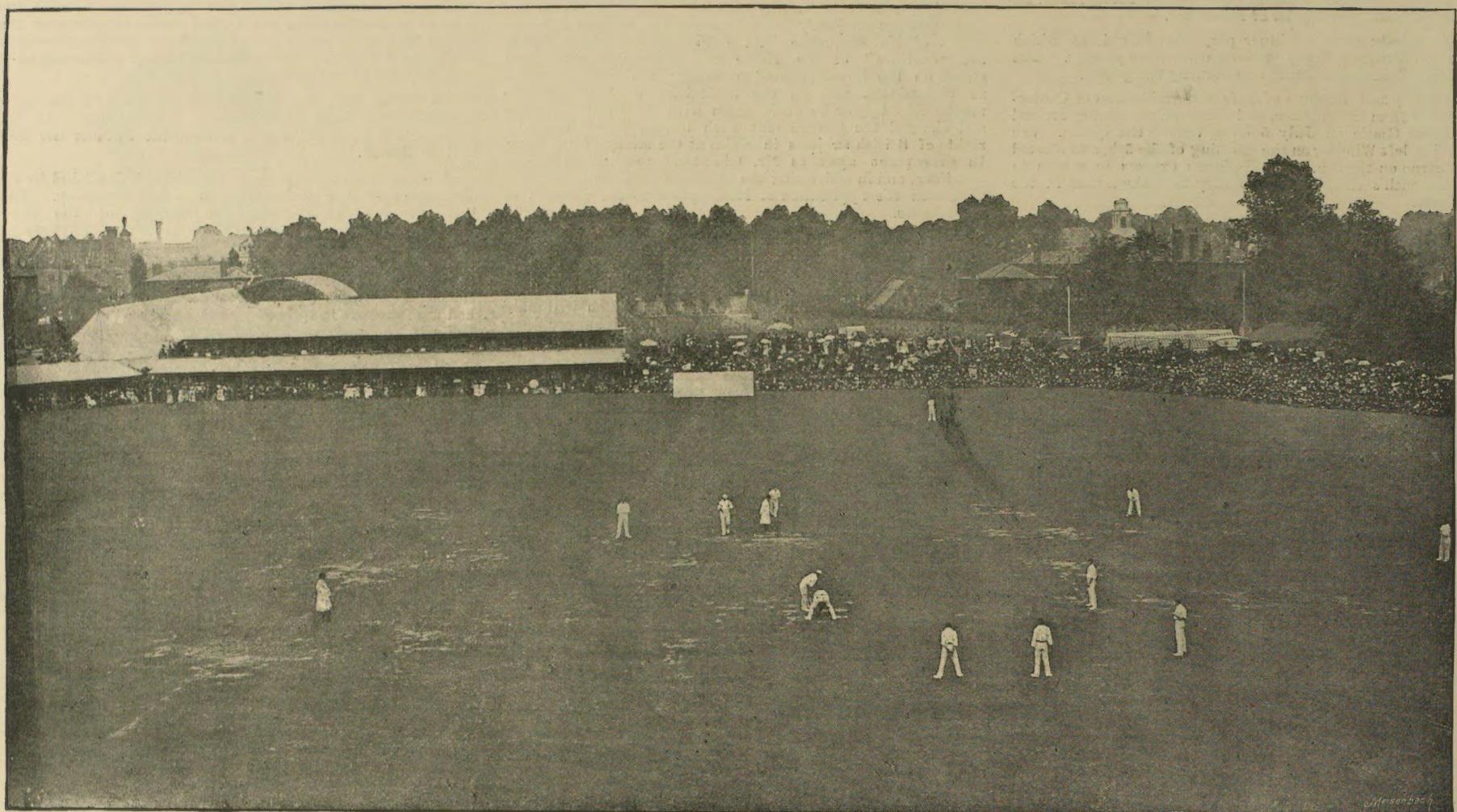
He strove to prove that the Unionist Government had practically solved the Irish question by their successful administration. How this solution was to dispose of eighty Irish members who will probably hold the balance of power Lord Randolph neglected to explain. Mr. Balfour has made the candid avowal that, if Mr. Gladstone should succeed in passing a Home Rule Bill through the Commons, the Lords will certainly reject it. This is a definite promise of the coming fray, in which Mr. Gladstone believes the House of Lords will sustain more damage than Home Rule.

A garden party was given on June 30 at the Tower of London by Colonel and Mrs. Moir and the officers of the Leicestershire Regiment, now quartered there. Among the guests were the Constable and Lieutenant of the Tower and a number of officers from the various regiments now quartered in London. The architectural background of the historic fortress gave a peculiar picturesqueness to the scene.

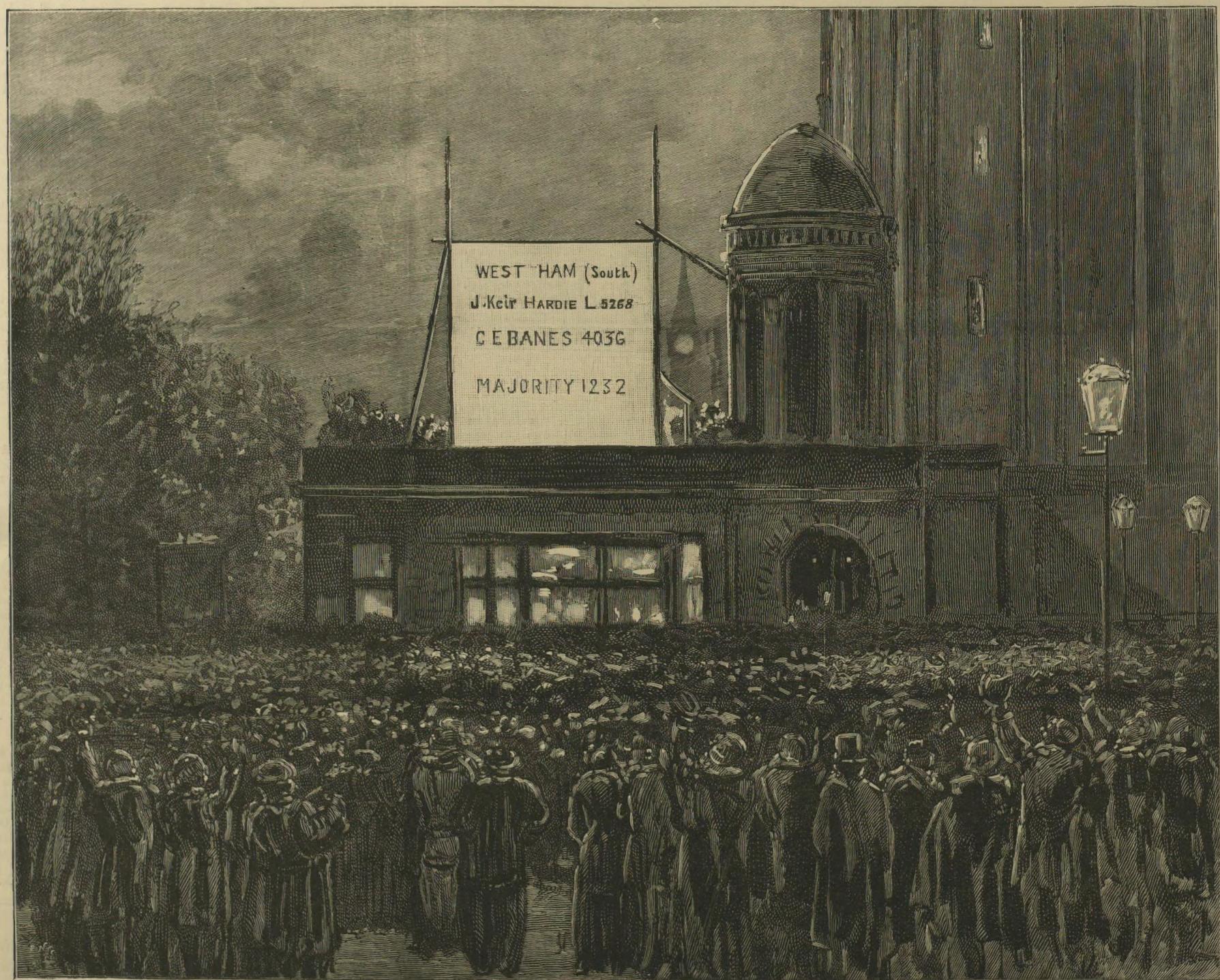
A strange tragedy has happened at Croydon. After the declaration of the poll a well-known local Liberal, who was an ironmonger, went into his shop and hanged himself. Whether this was actually due to disappointment at the decisive Conservative victory or to mental trouble arising from other causes is not quite certain. The heroine of the Chester outrage on Mr. Gladstone, by-the-way, has managed to conceal her name from a curious public, but she is said by the local Conservatives to be an ardent Home Ruler whose admiration for Mr. Gladstone took the violent form of hurling gingerbread.

Lord Brabourne has discovered that only a sessional order of the House of Commons prohibits the participation of peers in contested elections, and that when Parliament is dissolved this order ceases to have any force. This view of the law has led to the unearthing of a precedent for the actual return of a member of the House of Commons by the vote of a peer. Some quaint transaction of this sort appears to have happened about two hundred years ago. But it would be distinctly rash for Lord Brabourne or Lord Grimthorpe to try this precedent on public opinion in any practical form.

A noteworthy discussion on Free Trade by the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire ended in the decisive defeat of Sir Charles Tupper's proposal that the Imperial Parliament should put a tax on foreign imports for the benefit of colonial products.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: RESULTS OF THE POLLING SHOWN OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.



UMA,
OR
THE BEACH OF FALESÁ.
(BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A SOUTH-SEA TRADER)
BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER II.

THE BAN.

I came on the verandah just before the sun rose on the morrow. My house was the last on the east; there was a cape of woods and cliffs behind that hid the sunrise. To the west, a swift, cold river ran down, and beyond was the green of the village, dotted with cocou-palms and breadfruits and houses. The shutters were some of them down and some open; I saw the mosquito bars still stretched, with shadows of people new-awakened sitting up inside; and all over the green others were stalking silent, wrapped in their many-coloured sleeping clothes like Bedouins in Bible pictures. It was mortal still, and solemn, and chilly, and the light of the dawn on the lagoon was like the shining of a fire.

But the thing that troubled me was nearer hand. Some dozen young men and children made a piece of a half-circle, flanking my house: the river divided them, some were on the near side, some on the far, and one on a boulder in the midst; and they all sat silent, wrapped in their sheets, and stared at me and my house as straight as pointer dogs. I thought it strange as I went out. When I had bathed and come back again, and found them all there, and two or three more along with them, I thought it stranger still. What could they see to gaze at in my house? I wondered, and went in.

But the thought of these starers stuck in my mind, and presently I came out again. The sun was now up, but it was still behind the cape of woods. Say a quarter of an hour had come and gone. The crowd was greatly increased, the far bank of the river was lined for quite a way—perhaps thirty grown folk, and of children twice as many, some standing, some squatted on the ground, and all staring at my house. I have seen a house in a South Sea village thus surrounded, but then a trader was thrashing his wife inside, and she singing out. Here was nothing—the stove was alight, the smoke going up in a Christian manner; all was shipshape and Bristol fashion. To be sure there was a stranger come, but they had a chance to see that stranger yesterday, and took it quiet enough. What ailed them now? I leaned my arms on the rail and stared back. Devil a wink they had in them! Now and then I could see the children chatter, but they spoke so low not even the hum of their speaking came my length. The rest were like graven images: they stared at me, dumb and sorrowful, with their bright eyes; and it came upon me things would look not much different if I were on the platform of the gallows and these good folk had come to see me hanged.

I felt I was getting daunted, and began to be afraid I looked it, which would never do. Up I stood, made believe to stretch myself, came down the verandah stair, and strolled towards the river. There went a short buzz from one to the other, like what you hear in theatres when the curtain goes up; and some of the nearest gave back the matter of a pace. I saw a girl lay one hand on a young man and make a gesture upward with the other; at the same time she said something in the native with a gasping voice. Three little boys sat beside my path, where I must pass within three feet of them. Wrapped in their sheets, with their shaved heads and bits of top-knots, and queer faces, they looked like figures on a chimney-piece. Awhile they sat their ground, solemn as judges. I came up hand over fist, doing my five knots, like a man that meant business; and I thought I saw a sort of a wink and gulp in the three faces. Then one jumped up (he was the farthest off) and ran for his mammy. The other two, trying to follow suit, got foul, came to ground together bawling,

wriggled right out of their sheets, and in a moment there were all three of them scampering for their lives and singing out like pigs. The natives, who would never let a joke slip, even at a burial, laughed and let up, as short as a dog's bark.

They say it scares a man to be alone. No such thing. What scares him in the dark or the high bush is that he can't make sure, and there might be an army at his elbow. What scares him worst is to be right in the midst of a crowd, and have no guess of what they're driving at. When that laugh stopped, I stopped too. The boys had not yet made their offing; they were still on the full stretch going the one way, when I had already gone about ship and was sheering off the other. Like a fool I had come out, doing my five knots; like a fool I went back again. It must have been the funniest thing to see, and what knocked me silly, this time no one laughed; only one old woman gave a kind of pious moan, the way you have heard Dissenters in their chapels at the sermon.

"I never saw such fools of Kanakas as your people here," I said once to Uma, glancing out of the window at the starers.

"Savvy nothing," says Uma, with a kind of disgusted air that she was good at.

And that was all the talk we had upon the matter, for I was put out, and Uma took the thing so much as a matter of course that I was fairly ashamed.

All day, off and on, now fewer and now more, the fools sat about the west end of my house and across the river, waiting for the show, whatever that was—fire to come down from heaven, I suppose, and consume me, bones and baggage. But by evening, like real islanders, they had wearied of the business, and got away, and had a dance instead in the big house of the village, where I heard them singing and clapping hands till, maybe, ten at night, and the next day it seemed they had forgotten I existed. If fire had come down from heaven or the earth opened and swallowed me, there would have been nobody to see the sport or take the lesson, or whatever you like to call it. But I was to find they hadn't forgot either, and kept an eye lifting for phenomena over my way.

I was hard at it both these days getting my trade in order and taking stock of what Vigour had left. This was a job that made me pretty sick, and kept me from thinking on much else. Ben had taken stock the trip before—I knew I could trust Ben—but it was plain somebody had been making free in the meantime. I found I was out by what might easily cover six months' salary and profit, and I could have kicked myself all round the village to have been such a blamed ass, sitting boozing with that Case instead of attending to my own affairs and taking stock!

However, there's no use crying over spilt milk. It was done now, and couldn't be undone. All I could do was to get what was left of it, and my new stuff (my own choice) in order, to go round and get after the rats and cockroaches, and to fix up that store regular Sydney style. A fine show I made of it; and the third morning, when I had lit my pipe and stood in the doorway and looked in, and turned and looked far up the mountain and saw the cocoanuts waving, and posted up the tons of copra, and over the village green and saw the island dandies and reckoned up the yards of print they wanted for their kilts and dresses, I felt as if I was in the right place to make a fortune, and go home again and start a public-house. There was I, sitting in that verandah, in as handsome a piece of scenery as you could find, a splendid sun, and a fine fresh healthy trade that stirred up a man's blood like sea-bathing; and the whole thing was clean gone from me, and I was dreaming of England, which is, after all, a nasty, cold, muddy

hole, with not enough light to see to read by; and dreaming the looks of my public, by a cant of a broad high-road like an avenue, and with the sign on a green tree.

So much for the morning, but the day passed and the devil anyone looked near me, and from all I knew of natives in other islands I thought this strange. People laughed a little at our firm and their fine stations, and at this station of Falesá in particular; all the copra in the district wouldn't pay for it (I had heard them say) in fifty years, which I supposed was an exaggeration. But when the day went, and no business came at all, I began to get downhearted; and about three in the afternoon I went out for a stroll to cheer me up. On the green I saw a white man coming with a cassock on, by which and by the face of him I knew he was a priest. He was a good-natured old soul to look at, gone a little grizzled, and so dirty you could have written with him on a piece of paper.

"Good day, Sir," says I.

He answered me eagerly in native.

"Don't you speak any English?" said I.

"French," says he.

"Well," said I, "I'm sorry, but I can't do anything there."

He tried me awhile in the French, and then again in native, which he seemed to think was the best chance. I made out he was after more than passing the time of day with me, but had something to communicate, and I listened the harder. I heard the names of Adams and Case and of Randall—Randall the oftenest—and the word "poison," or something like it, and a native word that he said very often. I went home repeating it to myself.

"What does fussy-ocky mean?" I asked of Uma, for that was as near as I could come to it.

"Make dead," said she.

"The devil it does!" says I. "Did ever you hear that Case had poisoned Johnnie Adams?"

"Every man he savvy that," says Uma, scornful-like. "Give him white sand—bad sand. He got the bottle still. Suppose he give you gin, you no take him."

Now, I had heard much the same sort of story in other islands, and the same white powder always to the front, which made me think the less of it. For all that, I went over to Randall's place to see what I could pick up, and found Case on the door-step cleaning a gun.

"Good shooting here?" says I.

"A 1," says he. "The bush is full of all kinds of birds. I wish copra was as plenty," says he—I thought slyly—"but there don't seem anything doing."

I could see Black Jack in the store serving a customer.

"That looks like business, though," said I.

"That's the first sale we've made in three weeks," said he.

"You don't tell me?" says I. "Three weeks? Well, well!"

"If you don't believe me," he cries, a little hot, "you can go and look at the copra-house. It's half empty to this blessed hour."

"I shouldn't be much the better for that, you see," says I. "For all I can tell, it might have been whole empty yesterday."

"That's so," says he, with a bit of a laugh.

"By-the-bye," I said, "what sort of a party is that priest? Seems rather a friendly sort."

At this Case laughed right out loud. "Ah," says he. "I see what ails you now! Galuchet's been at you." *Father Galoshes* was the name he went by most, but Case always gave it the French quirk, which was another reason we had for thinking him above the common.

"Yes, I have seen him," I says. "I made out he didn't think much of your Captain Randall."

"That he don't!" says Case. "It was the trouble about poor Adams. The last day, when he lay dying, there was young Buncombe round. Ever met Buncombe?"

I told him no.

"He's a cure, is Buncombe!" laughs Case. "Well, Buncombe took it in his head that, as there was no other

clergymen about, bar Kanaka pastors, we ought to call in Father Galuchet, and have the old man administered and take the sacrament. It was all the same to me, you may suppose; but I said I thought Adams was the fellow to consult. He was jawing away about watered copra and a sight of folly. 'Look here,' I said, 'you're pretty sick. Would you like to see Goloshes?' He sat right up on his elbow. 'Get the priest,' says he, 'get the priest; don't let me die here like a dog!' He spoke kind of fierce and eager, but sensible enough. There was nothing to say against that, so we sent and asked Galuchet if he would come. You bet he would. He jumped in his dirty linen at the thought of it. But we had reckoned without Papa. He's a hard-shell Baptist, is Papa: no Papists need apply. And he took and locked the door. Buncombe told him he was bigoted, and I thought he would have had a fit. 'Bigoted!' he says. 'Me bigoted? Have I lived to hear it from a jackanapes like you?' And he made for Buncombe, and I had to hold them apart; and there was Adams in the middle, gone luny again, and carrying on about copra like a born fool. It was good as the play, and I was about knocked out of time with laughing, when all of a sudden Adams sat up, clapped his hands to his chest, and went into the horrors. He

He told this story as natural as could be, and like a man that enjoyed the fun; though, now I come to think of it after so long, it seems rather a sickening yarn. However, Case never set up to be soft, only to be square and hearty, and a man all round; and to tell the truth, he puzzled me entirely.

I went home and asked Uma if she were a Popey, which I had made out to be the native word for Catholics.

"*E le ai!*" says she. She always used the native when she meant "no" more than usually strong, and, indeed, there's more of it. "No good Popey," she added.

Then I asked her about Adams and the priest, and she told me much the same yarn in her own way. So that I was left not much farther on, but inclined, upon the whole, to think the bottom of the matter was the row about the sacrament, and the poisoning only talk.

The next day was a Sunday, when there was no business to be looked for. Uma asked me in the morning if I was going to "pray"; I told her she bet not, and she stopped home herself with no more words. I thought this seemed unlike a native, and a native woman, and a woman that had new clothes to show off; however, it suited me to the ground, and I made the less of it. The queer thing was that I came next door to

Uma, but that was against my system. You might have thought I would have gone over and consulted Case; but the truth was I was ashamed to speak of such a thing, I thought everyone would blurt out laughing in my face. So I held my tongue and thought all the more, and the more I thought the less I liked the business.

By Monday night I got it clearly in my head I must be tabooed. A new store to stand open two days in a village and not a man or woman come to see the trade was past believing.

"Uma," said I, "I think I'm tabooed."

"I think so," said she.

I thought awhile whether I should ask her more, but it's a bad idea to set natives up with any notion of consulting them, so I went to Case. It was dark, and he was sitting alone, as he did mostly, smoking on the stairs.

"Case," said I, "here's a queer thing. I'm tabooed."

"Oh, fudge!" says he, "Tain't the practice in these islands."

"That may be, or it mayn't," said I. "It's the practice where I was before. You can bet I know what it's like; and I tell it you for a fact, I'm tabooed."

"Well," said he, "what have you been doing?"



"What does fussy-ocky mean?" I asked of Uma. "Make dead," said she.

died hard, did John Adams," says Case, with a kind of a sudden sternness.

"And what became of the priest?" I asked.

"The priest?" says Case. "Oh! he was hammering on the door outside, and crying on the natives to come and beat it in, and singing out it was a soul he wished to save, and that. He was in a rare taking, was the priest. But what would you have? Johnny had slipped his cable; no more Johnny in the market; and the administration racket clean played out. Next thing, word came to Randall the priest was praying upon Johnny's grave. Papa was pretty full, and got a club, and lit out straight for the place, and there was Galoshes on his knees, and a lot of natives looking on. You wouldn't think Papa cared that much about anything, unless it was liquor; but he and the priest stuck to it two hours, slanging each other in native, and every time Galoshes tried to kneel down Papa went for him with the club. There never were such larks in Falesa. The end of it was that Captain Randall knocked over with some kind of a fit or stroke, and the priest got in his goods after all. But he was the angriest priest you ever heard of, and complained to the chiefs about the outrage, as he called it. That was no account, for our chiefs are Protestant here: and, anyway, he had been making trouble about the drum for morning school, and they were glad to give him a wife. Now he swears old Randall gave Adams poison or something, and when the two meet they grin at each other like baboons."

going to church after all, a thing I'm little likely to forget. I had turned out for a stroll, and heard the hymn tune up. You know how it is. If you hear folk singing it seems to draw you, and pretty soon I found myself alongside the church. It was a little long low place, coral built, rounded off at both ends like a whale-boat, a big native roof on the top of it, windows without sashes and doorways without doors. I stuck my head into one of the windows, and the sight was so new to me—for things went quite different in the islands I was acquainted with—that I stayed and looked on. The congregation sat on the floor on mats, the women on one side the men on the other, all rigged out to kill—the women with dresses and trade hats, the men in white jackets and shirts. The hymn was over; the pastor, a big buck Kanaka, was in the pulpit preaching for his life, and by the way he wagged his hand, and worked his voice, and made his points, and seemed to argue with the folk, I made out he was a gun at the business. Well, he looked up suddenly and caught my eye, and I give you my word he staggered in the pulpit; his eyes bulged out of his head, his hand rose and pointed at me like as if against his will, and the sermon stopped right there.

It isn't a fine thing to say for yourself, but I ran away; and, if the same kind of a shock was given me, I should run away again to-morrow. To see that palavering Kanaka struck all of a heap at the mere sight of me gave me a feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of the world. I went right home, and stayed there, and said nothing. You might think I would tell

"That's what I want to find out," said I.

"Oh, you can't be," said he, "it ain't possible. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. Just to put your mind at rest, I'll go round and find out for sure. Just you waltz in and talk to Papa."

"Thank you," I said, "I'd rather stay right out here on the verandah. Your house is so close."

"I'll call Papa out here, then," says he.

"My dear fellow," I says, "I wish you wouldn't. The fact is I don't take to Mr. Randall."

Case laughed, took a lantern from the store, and set out into the village. He was gone perhaps a quarter of an hour, and he looked mighty serious when he came back.

"Well," said he, clapping down the lantern on the verandah steps, "I would never have believed it. I don't know where the impudence of these Kanakas'll go next, they seem to have lost all idea of respect for whites. What we want is a man-of-war: a German, if we could—they know how to manage Kanakas."

"I am tabooed, then?" I cried.

"Something of the sort," said he. "It's the worst thing of the kind I've heard of yet. But I'll stand by you, Wiltshire, man to man. You come round here to-morrow about nine and we'll have it out with the chiefs. They're afraid of me, or they used to be, but their heads are so big by now I don't know what to think. Understand me, Wiltshire, I don't count this your quarrel," he went on, with a great deal of

resolution, "I count it all of our quarrel, I count it the White Man's Quarrel, and I'll stand to it through thick and thin, and there's my hand on it."

"Have you found out what's the reason?" I asked.

"Not yet," said Case. "But we'll fix them down to-morrow."

Altogether I was pretty well pleased with his attitude, and almost more the next day when we met to go before the chiefs, to see him so stern and resolved. The chiefs awaited us in one of their big oval houses, which was marked out to us from a long way off by the crowd about the eaves, a hundred strong if there was one, men, women, and children. Many of the men were on their way to work and wore green wreaths, and it put me in thoughts of the First of May at home. This crowd opened and buzzed about the pair of us as we went in, with a sudden angry animation. Five chiefs were there; four mighty, stately men, the fifth old and puckered. They sat on mats in their white kilts and jackets; they had fans in their hands like fine ladies, and two of the younger ones wore Catholic medals, which gave me matter of reflection. Our place was set and the mats laid for us over against these grandes, on the near side of the house; the midst was empty; the crowd, close at our backs, murmured and craned and jostled to look on, and the shadows of them tossed in front of us on the clean pebbles of the floor. I was just a hair put out by the excitement of the commons, but the quiet, civil appearance of the chiefs reassured me, all the more when their spokesman began and made a long speech in a low tone of voice, sometimes waving his hand toward Case, sometimes toward me, and sometimes knocking with his knuckles on the mat. One thing was clear: there was no sign of anger in the chiefs.

"What's he been saying?" I asked, when he had done.

"Oh, just that they're glad to see you, and they understand by me you wish to make some kind of complaint, and you're to fire away, and they'll do the square thing."

"It took a precious long time to say that," said I.

"Oh, the rest was sawder and *bonjour* and that," said Case. "You know what Kanakas are!"

"Well, they don't get much *bonjour* out of me," said I. "You tell them who I am. I'm a white man, and a British subject, and no end of a big chief at home, and I've come here to do them good and bring them civilisation; and no sooner have I got my trade sorted out than they go and taboo me, and no one dare come near my place! Tell them I don't mean to fly in the face of anything legal, and if what they want's a present, I'll do what's fair. I don't blame any man looking out for himself, tell them, for that's human nature; but if they think they're going to come any of their native ideas over me, they'll find themselves mistaken. And tell them plain that I demand the reason of this treatment as a white man and a British subject."

That was my speech. I knew how to deal with Kanakas; give them plain sense and fair dealing, and I'll do them that much justice—they knuckle under every time. They haven't any real government or any real law, that's what you've got to knock into their heads; and even if they had, it would be a good joke if it was to apply to a white man. It would be a strange thing if we came all this way and couldn't do what we pleased. The mere idea has always put my monkey up, and I rapped my speech out pretty big. Then Case translated it—or made believe to, rather—and the first chief replied, and then a second, and a third, all in the same style—easy and genteel, but solemn underneath. Once a question was put to Case, and he answered it, and all hands (both chiefs and commons) laughed out loud, and looked at me. Last of all, the puckered old fellow and the big young chief that spoke first started in to put Case through a kind of catechism. Sometimes I made out that Case was trying to fence, and they stuck to him like hounds, and the sweat ran down his face, which was no very pleasant sight to me, and at some of his answers the crowd moaned and murmured, which was a worse hearing. It's a cruel shame I knew no native, for (as I now believe) they were asking Case about my marriage, and he must have had a tough job of it to clear his feet. But leave Case alone; he had the brains to run a parliament.

"Well, is that all?" I asked, when a pause came.

"Come along," says he, mopping his face. "I'll tell you outside."

"Do you mean they won't take the taboo off?" I cried.

"It's something queer," said he. "I'll tell you outside. Better come away."

"I won't take it at their hands," cried I. "I ain't that kind of a man. You don't find me turn my back on a parcel of Kanakas."

"You'd better," said Case.

He looked at me with a signal in his eye; and the five chiefs looked at me civilly enough, but kind of pointed; and the people looked at me and craned and jostled. I remembered the folks that watched my house, and how the pastor had jumped in his pulpit at the bare sight of me; and the whole business seemed so out of the way that I rose and followed Case. The crowd opened again to let us through, but wider than before, the children on the skirts running and singing out, and as we two white men walked away they all stood and watched us.

(To be continued.)

The loan exhibition of pictures at the City of London Corporation Art Gallery, Guildhall, which was closed on Saturday, July 2, has been visited, since its opening at the beginning of April, by 230,000 persons, more than twice the number of visitors to the preceding similar exhibition there; but very few of the working-class people have been among them.

The commemoration-day of the Royal Holloway College for Women, near Staines, took place on June 30; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein presented the prizes to successful students. Miss Bishop, the lady principal, read the report of the fifth session, including three terms. The number of students was seventy-one, most of them working for the London University degree, some for Oxford moderations or final honours. Eight had graduated in the London University; others had taken honours at Oxford. Miss Kirkcaldie won the gold medal for music.

INTRODUCING A POET.

BY ANDREW LANG.

What should be the attitude of the old and repentant towards the young and ardent rhymer? This is a question always with one. Day by day the post brings volumes of poetry from Asia, Australia, America, and Europe. What can a man say to all these minstrels? A kind of sympathy he has with them, for usually they are young, and he has been young; they play, and *lusimus*! Here they bring their imitation of the Laureate, of Rossetti, of Mr. Swinburne, of Mr. Morris, of Mr. Henley, of M. Paul Verlaine, of Mr. Austin Dobson. Well, we, too, have imitated—do so still, I dare say. Then there are the screeds of pathetically commonplace rubbish, without a touch of style or a trace of thought. What can you say of them? Some young rhymers try to become notable by picking out or inventing erratic and improbable passions, distasteful to a sane mind. Others write "impressions" "in the ablative absolute," generally street scenes, with a stray dog in them, the moon, a street lamp, a barrel organ, and the stump of a cigar. It is M. Anatole France, I think—or is it M. Lemaître?—who is so amusing about one of those ablative absolute impressions of M. Verlaine's. Surely it is M. Lemaître. Well, we get these in shoals, and we get quaint experiments in style and novelties in language—

And so, you see, this kind of thing
Is always going on,

as Mr. Locker sings concerning Cupid and Psyche.

Under these showers of verse-books, with gratifying autograph inscriptions, and even with original poems to himself on the title-page, what is the repentant rhymer to do? If he grins and says, "I know this kind of thing: it is like the joys of one's first summer term, when one ate ices and wore very airy raiment in April; it is young and pleasant, and does not last," he gives offence. "Tis not the first time I have given one occasion to call me" cynic, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, with a difference. But if there is no particular sign of *poetry* in all these innumerable poems, what else can an honest man say? There is no real use in stereotyped insincere compliments. For the word poetry, as for the word friendship, I have far too high a respect to use it often or with familiarity—

One name is too often profaned
For me to profane it,

This is a way of being cynical, perhaps, and it may be cynical to smile or yawn over young people or old who talk freely about creating the beautiful and about their inspirations and ideals. I say "Bah!" like the author of Bret Harte's French novel. People should have humour enough to know whether it is poetry that they are writing or whether it is mere verse, "and behave according." This is a long prelude to the introduction of a new writer, many of whose pieces affect me as poetry affects me. I do not mean to proclaim that Mr. Ronald Macfie, the author of *Granite Dust* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Trübner), is a tremendously great new poet; we have seen too many swans become geese, and heard them cackle in place of singing. We have learned too well to distrust our first impressions, and to be very diffident about our own "discoveries." Five or six years ago Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" came to me from India, all unheralded. I thought them very clever, cynical, diverting, and one serious poem very charming. But I could never have foreseen the "Ballad of East and West." Nor can I foresee whether Mr. Macfie has shot his bolt, or whether his inspiration is only "mewing her mighty youth." Faults one does see—yea, even in grammar once—faults, and effervescence, and lack of humour. On the other hand, the pieces, as a rule, impress one as being extremely tuneful, with no borrowed or facile tune, graceful, sincere, "passionate and sensuous," in the Miltonic sense, and inspired with perhaps too prominent a theory of the relations of God to the world. To say all this is to say a good deal, but it is only an account of impressions, and first impressions, that one is giving. "Half the world," as Miss Austen's Emma says, "cannot understand the pleasures of the other half," and much more than half the tiny world that takes pleasure in poetry may not understand mine in Mr. Macfie's verses. Perhaps in a short time I may not understand it myself. It may spring from the chance contact of two momentary moods. Poetry must stand the test of time and of several readings.

The first piece, addressed to a friend, who is, apparently, leaving England in circumstances which one does not quite understand, shows the sort of tune in the verse—

So softly and so gently mayst thou go
Out of the sunlight to the land unseen,
That only doubtfully thy soul may know
When death hath been.

So slow and peaceful may thy passing be,
That we may ever keep, until we die,
A vision of thy sails upon the sea
Against the sky.

This, also, strikes me as a charming expression of regret—

And memories, with patient widow-faces,
Looked calmly backward, thro' the vanished years,
And smiled to find, like dew, in distant places,
Forgotten tears.

Here, again, the interpenetration of passion and emotion is, I think, happily rendered—

Is thought not trampled in the mire
By passion's panic-eager feet?
What knowest thou but a face on fire
With kisses sweet?

Are thoughts not dead? Nay, nay, they thrive;
Lo! soul to soul, we twain are brought,
Intensely, wondrously alive
In every thought.

"A Song," on page 27, is a delightful song of repeated rhymes. Among the many poems on roses in the world, the following stanza seems to win a place of its own—

Listen! I lay these roses on thy path
As petals by a summer wind are blown.
Why are thy gentle eyes so full of wrath?
I, as a wind, am nameless and unknown,
And lost and hidden in a width of sky.
Whit know you but a rose, a song, a sigh?

There are overbearing attempts in the verses, as in "That Night," where we read that—

Thunder, with loosened limbs, lay huddled in a swoon.

But the verses which follow have merit—

Then my love took harp; and her fingers flashed on the golden strings;
Each hand like a living soul, conscious and white and free:
Now feet as flame, and prophetic of stormy, strenuous things,
Now impotently beating as beat the tortured wings
Of a wounded gull outstretched on the wave of a golden sea.

Her bosom-tide went and came to its limits of pearls and lace,
As surge might ebb and flow on a crescent of silver sand,
The moon moved thro' the clouds with even passionless face,
Throwing ivy shadows like kisses on her face,
And a brown moth came and hovered over her nimble hand.

Respectable sonnets are the commonest things in the world. As Mr. Horace Hutchinson says, a sonnet looks short, but there is more in it than you expect or desire, and after reading it you feel as if you had eaten a hard-boiled egg. But that is not at all what I feel after reading this of Mr. Macfie's. Nay; it is more like a strawberry, of which one could eat many without fatigue or satiety.

WHITE HEATHER.

O Queen! I bring thee heather white as prayer,
Heather fostered beneath a German fir.
But, hush! I hear a voice in the wind demur—
Not white, but purple, is meet for a queen to wear.
Bring purple heather for her royal hair,
Or crimson heather—is not thy heart astray?
With a tumult of crimson blood when you think of her,
So cold, so proud, and so surpassingly fair?

O Queen! and I answer the wind in gentle wise,
Saying that I have chosen as embassy
This passionless heather, thinking it may devise
Some white, soft, suppliant way towards my plea
To tell how earth is hallowed by thine eyes,
How life grows holier in loving thee.

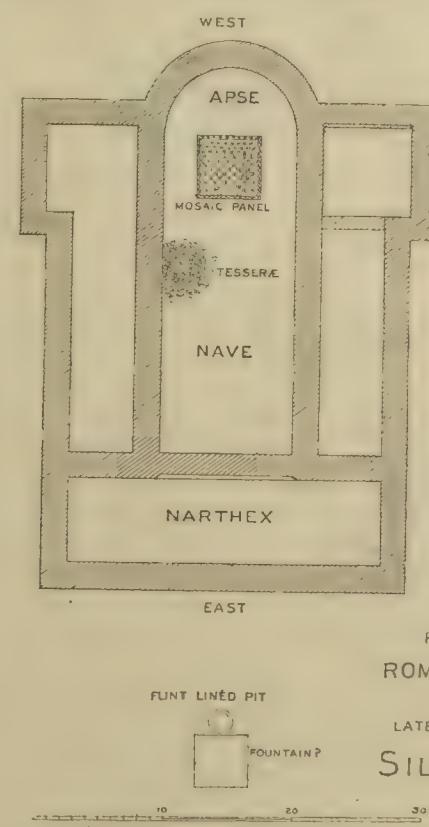
But one's space is exhausted. There are good and not so good things in a poem of Doomsday—

It was the resurrection of the dead,
The dying day of Death.

The spirit of the verses is young, passionate, and sincere. It is never maudlin, the writer never whines, nor despairs, nor sniggers, nor insults, nor patronises his Maker and the world which He has made, and in which He has placed His creatures. In brief, the verses give one almost the last thing one expects from a little book of rhymes called "Granite Dust"—real and lofty pleasure.

MORE DISCOVERIES AT SILCHESTER.

The excavations of the ancient Roman city of Silchester, near Reading, under direction of the Society of Antiquaries, have produced an interesting discovery—that of a small Roman-British Christian Church, probably of the fourth century. The foundations of the building, 42 ft. long, with a



PLAN OF
ROMAN-BRITISH
CHURCH
LATELY DISCOVERED
AT
SILCHESTER.

floor of coarse red tesserae, and an altar-floor, of black and white chequered mosaic, in the centre of the chancel, are still extant. The building consisted of a nave with two aisles, small transepts, chancel, and apse. It stood at the corner of two main streets in the forum of the city.

The want of a broad and direct thoroughfare from High Holborn to the Strand has long been recognised. The Improvement Committee of the London County Council, of which Mr. Frederick Harrison is chairman, has presented its report, which proposes a scheme much bolder and more imposing than that of last year. The Holywell Street block must, in any case, be removed. But, instead of a road from Holborn bending to the south-west from Drury Lane to the bottom of Catherine Street, with a spur to the south-east reaching St. Clement Danes, it is now planned to make the "Council Broadway" 100 ft. wide, extend due south all the way, from the top of Little Queen Street, in Holborn, opposite Southampton Row, straight down to the Strand at St. Mary's Church; terminating there on a terrace somewhat above the level of the Strand, with a gentle curve to east and west, to reach the Strand at two points, nearly opposite Surrey Street or Norfolk Street, and nearly opposite Somerset House. Halfway down the length of this fine road, the sides of which would be planted with trees, would be a circus, 200 ft. in diameter, with improved streets to Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the one hand, and to Covent Garden on the other. The whole cost would be over two millions sterling, but the sites would be valuable for building.



VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

"Redivision of property every Saturday night."

TERCENTENARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

DUBLIN, JULY 4.

From Tuesday, July 5, to Friday, July 8, the halls and quadrangles of Trinity College, Dublin, will lose that air of drowsy vacuity which is proper to the long vacation. Our Alma Mater comes of age—three hundred years in the life of a University means only that early youth is past—and representatives of learning are converging at this moment from all quarters of the globe to wish "Many happy returns of the day" to the young Irish matron. Our history does not lose itself, like that of Salerno or Bologna, in the dimness of the Middle Ages; it lies in the space from the reign of one great queen to that of another; and just now the ladies of Ireland who desire admission to our lecture-rooms and our degrees are pleased to remind us of the fact that Elizabeth presided over the birth of our College, and Victoria, if she turns her eyes westward, regards with friendly gaze its attainment of majority. The purpose of the foundation was to promote knowledge, civility, and religion in this Island of the West. The University of Ussher and Swift and Berkeley, of Goldsmith and Burke, of Southerne and Congreve and Farquhar, of Grattan and Flood, of Moore and Lever, of Rowan Hamilton and MacCullagh, of Lecky and Salmon and Archbishop Magee, has fulfilled its function—at least, in part; and knowledge, civility, and religion have each—we dare to think—gained something through its foundation.

Invitations to assist at the Tercentenary Festival have been accepted by some two hundred and fifty guests and delegates, not reckoning those true adjutants of learning in our non-monastic days—wives and daughters. The delegates appear not merely as individuals distinguished in scholarship or science, but as the commissioned representatives of learned institutions.

From Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, from Canada and India, from the United States, from every country and nation in Europe (with the exception of Spain, Portugal, and the unspeakable Turk), as well as from the ancient and modern Universities of Great Britain, come delegates to convey sympathy and encouragement to the College of Queen Elizabeth.

SIR JOHN THOMAS BANKS, M.D.
Regius Professor of Physic.

The citizens of Dublin and friends of the University are intent on hospitable thoughts, and their bitter cry has gone up, not for more hosts, but for yet more guests. Never before in the history of Ireland has such a truly alarming mass of brain power found itself concentrated

in our capital. Dynamite is a dangerous substance; but brain is far more terrible. We tremble for our illiterate voter!

At ten o'clock on the morning of July 5 the guests and delegates will be received by the Provost in the Examination Hall, Trinity College. If the weather be fine, a procession sets out, an hour later, for St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a commemoration service will be held. Academic dress or

than that of a Nonconformist—the Rev. James Martineau. In the little group which represents the Fine Arts appears the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton. Dramatic art will be honoured as it deserves in the person of Dr. Henry Irving. Nor is this the first time that Mr. Irving has received the plaudits of Trinity College. I well remember the College night at the old Theatre Royal, Dublin,

the dimensions of which were far larger than those of our existing theatres: I remember the brilliant gathering in the stalls, and the sea of young life—all students of Trinity College—which filled the body of the house, and swayed and surged under the influence of the great actor while he played Hamlet, with his powers put forth at their highest. The graces for our honorary degrees were adopted unanimously by the Senate of the University, excepting only those proposed with reference to certain eminent physiologists. The opponents of vivisection considered the occasion one on which they were bound to make a stand: a heated speech set forth the alleged horrors of the modern study of physiology, and attempted to belittle its results. A vote was challenged, and in a large and representative gathering of the Senate the opponents of physiological study were found to reach the grand total of two.

In the afternoon of the 6th a meeting in connection with the Graduates' Memorial will take place. Graduates of the University, mindful of their days of joyful youth within the College walls, have brought their Alma Mater a gift—it

amounts at present to some £6000—and with this it is proposed to erect a Union Building, where the College societies may hold their meetings, and which may serve as a bond of connection between the quick-succeeding generations of students, holding together the life of past and present. For

some of our visitors who care for muscle as well as mind, the cricket-match in the College Park—Cambridge v. Dublin University—may prove a stronger attraction than the memorial meeting.

On the third morning a procession in academic robes will proceed to the same hall, and the addresses of British and foreign Universities and learned bodies will be presented. The afternoon offers an attraction in the form of a garden party, given by the Commander of the Forces and Lady Wolseley, at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham; and at night the scene is shifted to the Gaiety Theatre, where a farce, specially written for the occasion, presenting a revel of students and its untimely

MR. EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.
Professor of English Literature.



THE REV. GEORGE SALMON, D.D.

Provost.



THE REV. JOSEPH CARSON, D.D.

Vice-Provost.

official costume is required, and as the procession advances towards the cathedral of Swift and Stella all the colours of the spectrum, from red to violet, should show themselves in the hoods of Doctors and Masters—the white light of learning being thus separated into its component parts. Our Roman



SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL, LL.D.

Astronomer Royal.

Catholic Archbishop has spoken not disrespectfully of the religious service with which a college, open alike to Christian, Jew, Turk, and infidel, begins its festival; but he has forbidden his own flock to set foot within the heretical church in the same spirit in which he forbade them recently to approach the unclean thing, a Masonic bazaar. Our numbers may be yet more seriously diminished by the General Election. New and great ideas (so we are assured) always spring from the uneducated masses; and Fellows and Professors—the patrons of obscurantism (so we shall be informed)—having votes in University towns, conceive it their duty to remain for the polling day in order to record those votes. Our own University election may be proceeding—University elections proceed at an easy pace—during part of the Tercentenary week; but the passions excited cannot be intense, for the rival candidates are both supporters of the policy of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, July 5, the Fellows' garden will be alive—if July rains keep aloof—with some four thousand guests gathered to a party in the open air. A mulberry-tree of great antiquity stands in the grounds; around this the visitors will assemble, and it is intended that a sapling of the same tribe should be planted by Miss Salmon, the Provost's daughter, with the hope that it may survive until A.D. 2292. Even if at that date the Irish question should be still unsettled, we desire that a generation expecting its immediate settlement should enjoy ripe mulberries. Still, work remains for July 5; at nine o'clock p.m., in the Leinster Hall—a building made historical by Mr. Tim Healy's fervid declaration that his chief, Mr. Parnell, was not a man but an institution—the Tercentenary Ode—words by Professor Savage-Armstrong, music by Sir Robert Stewart—will be performed by the University Choral Society. The busy day runs on into the dawn of the following day, for the ode is succeeded by a reception and ball at the Mansion House. For the occasion political differences between town and gown have been set aside; our Parnellite Lord Mayor has been the recipient of an honorary degree from the Unionist University, and he in turn has shown his good feeling by hospitably opening the Mansion House to the University and its guests, as well as by presiding at the recent presentation of the freedom of the city to our Provost.

The chief event of July 6 will be the conferring of honorary degrees upon distinguished strangers in the Examination Hall of Trinity College. To recite the names of the honorary Doctors of that day is not possible here. To all branches of learning, science, and art homage will be paid in the persons of their most eminent representatives—to all, except the science of sciences, theology. The Divinity School of Trinity College is connected with the Episcopal Protestant Church of Ireland. We hope ere long for a Presbyterian School, and should welcome schools of other religious bodies. Meanwhile, it is thought best to confer upon eminent scholars who are theologians the degree which they can claim by virtue of their scholarship, that of Doctor of Letters, among whom there will be no more venerable, no more honoured figure



STATUE OF BURKE.—BY FOLEY.



STATUE OF GOLDSMITH.—BY FOLEY.

TERCENTENARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.



TRINITY COLLEGE.



COLLEGE GREEN.

interruption by the junior Dean, will be followed by a performance of Sheridan's "Rivals." It is more truly Attic that Irish students should give an Irish play than a play in any learned tongue deceased. The cast consists of amateurs—graduates and undergraduates, chiefly from the Medical School—assisted by lady artists of the Compton company. The writer of this article confesses to a paternal as well as an artistic interest in Bob Acres, and trusts that Mr. Acres' courage during the per-

Whatever else a visitor to Trinity College may hurry by, he should assuredly visit Provost Baldwin's great building, the library. At the entrance hangs a painted plan of the battle of Kinsale, 1601—and not without a reason, for the library took its origin from a subscription made for the purchase of books by the officers and soldiers of Queen Elizabeth's army, who had defeated in that battle the Spanish troops and their Irish allies. The collection now consists of nearly a quarter

Dr. Abbott, "can convey an adequate idea of the beauty of this MS. This does not consist, as in some Oriental MSS., in a profusion of gilding (there is no gold whatever) nor in the addition of paintings independent of the text, but in the lavish variety of artistic adornment applied to the letters of the text, which justifies Professor Westwood in calling it 'the most beautiful book in the world.' The ornament consists largely of ever-varying interlacing of serpents and of simple bands, with countless



THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.



THE LIBRARY.

formance before so distinguished a body of spectators may not all "ooze out at the palms of his hands."

Friday, July 8, is the fourth and last of these gaudy days. Addresses will be delivered to the students by certain of the University guests in the Examination Hall. The College races and athletic sports will draw more than the customary annual thousands to the park. And after the University Ball in the Leinster Hall our revels will be ended.

of a million of books and manuscripts. Here is the celebrated palimpsest codex of St. Matthew's Gospel, known amongst biblical scholars as "Z." And here is the fifteenth-century "Codex Montfortianus," on the authority of which the verse 1 John v. 7 was admitted into Erasmus' third edition and thence into the received text. Conspicuous for the beauty of Celtic ornament are the manuscript "Book of Durrow" and the far more wonderful "Book of Kells." "No words," writes

spirals alternately expanding and contracting in the peculiar trumpet-shaped pattern." The natural objects introduced are handled with decorative freedom. It is fair that Ireland, not over-wealthy in some things, should possess one of the great treasures of the world; and that treasure is happily a spiritual one—this marvellous manuscript of the Four Gospels in the Latin text, on which the monks of Kells expended during countless happy hours a wealth of genius and devotion.



THE MUSEUM.



THE EXAMINATION HALL.

LITERATURE.

OLD SWORD-PLAY.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

The Systems of Fence in Vigue during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries, with Lessons arranged from the Works of Various Ancient Masters. By Alfred Hutton, late Captain, King's Dragoon Guards. Author of "Cold Steel," &c. (London: Grevel and Co. New York: Wistermann and Co.)—Captain Alfred Hutton's latest book on the use of the "white arm" has appeared, as if by a curious prescience on the author's part, exactly when the growing interest in sword-play has received a new impetus from the appearance in London of Cavaliere Pini and of the other Italian fencing masters, whose encounters were much, and justly, admired at the Agricultural Hall. Captain Hutton, who has judiciously drawn upon Marozzo for the sixteenth century, on Liancour for the seventeenth, and on Angelo for the eighteenth, begins his book with a terse, but full, introduction, pointing out how the present Italian and French schools were developed from the "Shaksperian or Tudor era"—that of the sixteenth century—when, owing to the prevailing style of costume, and to the fact that the swords were long and unwieldy, they were almost always accompanied by an arm either purely defensive, like the buckler or the cloak, or by one, such as the dagger, of a character at once defensive and offensive; these auxiliary arms were carried in the left hand, and their movements were extremely simple." (It may be noted, by-the-way, that the fencing scene in "Hamlet" ought undoubtedly to be executed as it was at the Français performance, with rapier and dagger, not with foils to which a sham air of antiquity is given by the mounting of the hilts. Twice within the memory of playgoers of the last twenty years has a rapier-and-dagger fight been given, and well given, on the English stage—once in the "Huguenot Captain," and once in Gounod's "Faust," at the Opera House.)

There are two other points of special interest in Captain

master is giving a lesson, and among the spectators is Louis XIV. In the letterpress are many interesting points, not the least among them being the remarks on the ill-managed balance of the sword. The concluding chapter deals with the period, better known to the general reader, of Angelo. Of this there is no need to say more than that, in dealing with it, Captain Hutton, as usual, writes with complete expertness and complete clearness. His latest contribution to the literature of fencing should not be neglected by anyone who is interested in that fine art.

AN EXPOSITION OF WALT WHITMAN.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

The present writer, to whom Whitman's books are entirely unattractive, is none the less compelled in fairness to acknowledge that Mr. Clarke's expository essay,* while full of enthusiasm for "the good grey poet," is an ably written piece of advocacy. Those who already admire Whitman will find the grounds of a quite intelligible admiration stated in Mr. Clarke's pages with vigour and incisiveness, with a breadth and largeness of view which command respectful attention, and with a commendable absence of the windy rant and rhodomontade to which the typical Whitmaniac has accustomed us. At the same time, Mr. Clarke, like nearly all Whitman's apologists and disciples, does not seem fully to apprehend the position of his opponents, Whitman's deprecators. His whole statement of the case for Whitman—and admirable special pleading it is, conspicuously fair to the prosecution, fair to the adverse witnesses, and designed honestly to put a clear and plain issue before an unmystified jury—resolves itself into a demonstration of the essential rightness of Whitman's attitude only in presence of the great spectacle of human life. Now, with certain exceptions, to be mentioned presently, we are in substantial sympathy with Whitman's attitude, and certainly it is a great deal to say of any author so aggressive and iconoclastic that his attitude is essentially right; but attitude is not everything: literature is

Allowing, however, for our different point of view, we can only repeat what we said at starting—that Mr. Clarke has given a very lucid, coherent, and attractive account of the faith that is in him, and, though he has left us unconverted, we have read his little book with lively pleasure in its analysis of the spirit of democracy, and its able championship of the writer who aspired—but in our opinion failed—to be democracy's bard.

FOLK-LORE.

Ethnology in Folk-Lore. By G. L. Gomme. *Modern Science Series.* (Kegan Paul and Co., 1892.)—This volume bristles with striking and interesting facts, which, however, are bent to accord with an *a priori* theory. While clearly opposed to the philological school of comparative mythologists—a dwindling band, whose forlorn hope is led by Professor Max Müller—Mr. Gomme plays unwittingly into their hands. Many of us remember what charming pictures of the idyllic state of our "Aryan" ancestors—forefathers of progressive races in Europe and Asia—on the plateaus of Central Asia were drawn by the golden-mouthed professor in his famous paper reprinted in the "Chips from a German Workshop." The brilliant hues of that picture have faded beyond the power of the restorer's art.

And now comes Mr. Gomme to tell us what a polished, civilised folk these "Aryans" were, so that wherever we find traces of barbaric practices and customs—head-hunting, cannibalism, rude and bloody sacrifices, tree and water worship, and the like—in these islands and other noncivilised parts, they are the outcome of that lower non-Aryan culture which persisted long after the immigration of the higher races. For this conclusion there seems to us to be no warrant. It is not only opposed to the general evolution of civilisation from lower stages of culture, but assumes a fundamental distinction between "Aryans" and non-Aryans which probably never existed. Indeed, the term "Aryan" is purely philosophical and not ethnological, and its use should accordingly be so restricted. Language and race are not identical. A conquered people often adopts the speech of the victors, or, though but rarely, influences and modifies their speech.

IN STARRY REALMS.

In Starry Realms. By Sir Robert Ball, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., with numerous illustrations. (London: Isbister and Co., Limited, 1892.)—Sir Robert Ball is too well known, both as a lecturer and as a writer, to require any introduction to that large and growing section of the public who are interested in the exposition of science from the popular side of things. His latest book will, therefore, be likely to be welcomed as heartily as its predecessors, albeit it is a collection of papers and articles contributed to various periodicals, one article being a reprint of an address delivered to the Midland Institute at Birmingham. One would almost think the last word had been said about the moon, yet Sir R. Ball comes before us with fresh facts and views about the lunar world, and with a very fine illustration of our satellite, taken with the great refractor of the Lick Observatory. "How the Heat is Kept Up" is a

very suggestive chapter in this book, while the paper on "Mars as a World" will attract the attention of those who wish to know about the planet which is a kind of first cousin to our earth. "Darwinism in Relation to other Branches of Science" is the title of one of the essays, and not the least attractive of the series. This is a volume which even a youth will understand and delight in, and "children of a larger growth" will undoubtedly appreciate Sir Robert Ball's felicitous descriptions of other worlds than ours.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Miscellaneous Essays," by George Saintsbury. (Percival and Co.)
- "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens. New edition. (Macmillan.)
- "A Son of the Fens," by P. H. Emerson. (Sampson Low.)
- "Rambles through Japan without a Guide," by Albert Tracy. (Sampson Low.)
- "Dictionary of National Biography," Vol. XXXI.—Kennett to Lambart. (Smith and Elder.)
- "A Modern Dick Whittington," by James Payn. Two vols. (Cassell.)
- "The Witch of Prague," by F. Marion Crawford. New edition. (Macmillan.)
- "Essex," by C. R. B. Barrett. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "A Dead Man's Diary," by Coulson Kernahan. New Edition. (Ward and Lock.)
- "A New England Cactus and Other Tales," by Frank Pope Humphrey. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Deutsche Lyrik," edited by Dr. Buchheim. New edition. (Macmillan.)
- "Love Songs of English Poets." With Notes by Ralph H. Caine. (W. Heinemann.)
- "Diana Trelawny," by Mrs. Oliphant. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
- "The Billsbury Election and Other Papers," from *Punch*, by R. C. Lehmann. (Henry and Co.)

Hutton's introduction; one is his noting the modern and proper disuse of disarming, which, as he justly says, is now considered very rough play, although, we may add, a strong parry of seconde or octave may easily lead to it at any moment without intention on the part of the defendant. Captain Hutton, however, agrees with what Captain Castle said in his Lyceum lecture—namely, that the art of disarming when every gentleman carried a sword and when sudden quarrels were frequent saved many a life, whether for good or ill. What is yet more curious is that fencing-masks were not introduced, and that against the feelings of the masters, until the middle of the last century. With the slow movements of that date, and with the etiquette of the time, a mask was, of course, not so necessary as it is now. Even in these days there is an element of danger in fencing, as when the point or blade asserts itself as being stronger than the mask or jacket. But, it should be added, the danger is no greater than at golf or cricket, and certainly not so great as at polo or modern professional football.

From his introduction Captain Hutton goes on to the two-hand sword, a weapon the use of which he has himself admirably illustrated in assaults, and on which his directions are very clear and terse. Note especially what he says as to the rotatory movement of the sword and as to "Set play." Thence we go to rapier and dagger, broadsword and buckler, rapier and cloak, dagger and cloak—all by this time more or less familiar to laymen by assaults given by experts—and thence to what is less familiar, the case of rapiers. "This," as Captain Hutton says, "consisted of an exact pair of swords, one for each hand, and they were kept together in one and the same scabbard; they were somewhat similar to those used in buckler-play. The study of this method of fence is recommended by Marozzo, Di Grassi, and others, for the reason that it is difficult, and is, moreover, very little understood, and might, therefore, be exceedingly useful in a serious fight in the lists." Captain Hutton's clear and concise treatment of this curious form of sword-play, illustrated, as it is, by plates from Marozzo and Di Grassi, is extremely interesting. The two great masters differed on details, as our author carefully points out.

The following chapter, beginning with the "Transition Period," is faced by a very curious plate, representing the fencing-room of Philibert de la Touche, *circa* 1670. The

A DISARM AFTER HAVING PARRED PRIME: FIRST POSITION.—(AFTER ANGELO.)
FROM "OLD SWORD-PLAY," BY ALFRED HUTTON.

not an attitude but a result. Our position is simply this: Whitman's humanity, we admit, is grand; his perception of the falsity of common social ideals and the wrong direction in which some of the currents of modern life are hurrying us is as acute as it is impassioned; the way in which he marches with his "camaradas," carrying aloft the somewhat draggled banner of liberty, equality, and fraternity (especially fraternity), is, if rather noisy, extremely energetic and picturesque; and his sense of kinship with nature is healthy and beautiful. But what we deny, and deny firmly, is that the outcome of all this is literature. Literature is not the random pouring-out upon paper of all one's feelings and notions, helter-skelter, head over heels, jostling one another on the jumbled page. It is a slow distillation from hours and years of sensation and thought. The kingdom of poetry, like that of heaven, is not be taken by violence. Whitman's so-called "message" is clear, and, on the whole, true; if it had been delivered, as poets' messages always are, in the accents of music, even though the music were tumultuous rather than dulcet, it might have reached our hearts. But, instead of that, it is simply shouted at us from the stentorian lungs of a man standing on a barrel in the street.

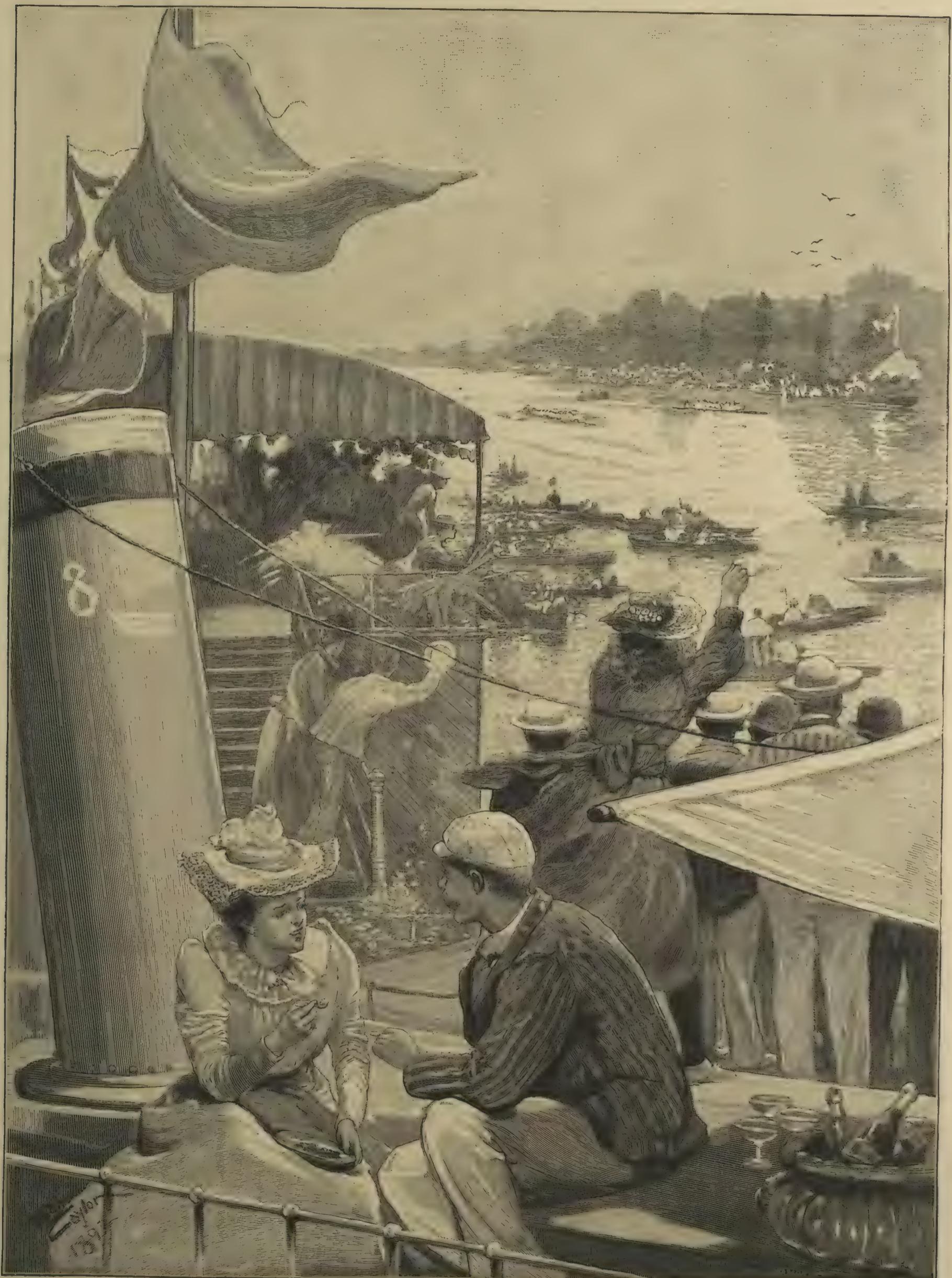
Mr. Clarke defends Whitman's frank nakedness with much ability, his general position being that the sexual relation is so large a part of life that art, which professes to deal with life, cannot afford to ignore it or any manifestation of it. He quite misses the point upon which the whole controversy hinges, which is this: Certain aspects of man's nature are peculiarly and exclusively human, and are fit themes for art; love, rightly so named, is one: certain other aspects of man's nature are common to hogs and horses, are in no sense proper and special to humanity, and are therefore not fit themes for man's art. If mere physical functions are to be admitted as subject-matter for the poet's song, where shall we draw the line? Other functions, which not even Whitman has tried to glorify, ought, in the name of consistency, to receive lyrical celebration. Besides, the most offensive things in "Leaves of Grass" are mere statements of physiological fact. Poetry is not a statement.

* *Walt Whitman.* By William Clarke, M.A. (London: Swan Sonnenchein and Co. New York: Macmillan and Co.)



"THE MENDICANT."—BY E. FRIANT.

SALON DU CHAMP DE MARS.



AT HENLEY REGATTA.

ION PERDICARIS ON THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

"Who is this Ion Perdicaris?" asked the Sultan of Morocco of his Vizier at Fez. "When consular claims come up to me and have to be withdrawn because unjust, I hear it is Perdicaris. When vagabonds die in prison, or malefactors are severely punished or are interceded for—when slaves are released—when roads at Tangier are made—when Jews are exposed or protected—when the Reefsians revolt and have to be held in check—it is always Perdicaris, Perdicaris. Who is this man?"

ION PERDICARIS.

What does he want in my country?—what is he doing?" The Vizier replied that Perdicaris was a Greek American of great wealth, who had built himself a palace on the heights of Tangier, known as "El Minzeh," and another in the Beni Hassan Hills, overlooking the sea, known as "Idonea"; that he had been useful to the Sultan in exposing the consular corruptions of Protection, under which the poor Moors and Jews were robbed of their substance and the Sultan of his subjects; that he had tried to mitigate the sufferings of prisoners, and had bought and set free many slaves; that he and his wife had been the constant friends of the sick and poor at Tangier and the surrounding Cabyles; that, in his fight with the American Consul over the iniquitous abuses of Protection, he had some years ago actually been imprisoned for several hours in the Casbar, but had been triumphantly released and reconducted to his house by the people of Tangier; that he had exerted himself to improve the sanitation of the town, and that at his instance, mainly, a commission had been started to scavenge the streets and make roads; that he wanted nothing out of the country, was no trader, no politician; that he had no personal ambitions, save to make the lot of the people of Tangier more tolerable, and to correct abuses and promote a good understanding among the mixed European and native population. All this was tolerably incomprehensible to the Sultan. The true Moor cannot believe in anyone—above all, any Christian dog—acting disinterestedly. The simple Cabyle folk in the near villages have their own view. They say commonly of Perdicaris, "He calls himself a Christian, but we know he cannot really be one, or he would rob and oppress us. He is a good Mohammedan at heart, no doubt: see how kind he is to us, and how he fears God! No, certainly, he cannot be a Christian." Curiously enough, the English, or a section of them, were accustomed to say of Perdicaris, who was observed to be irregular in his attendance at church at Tangier, and little in sympathy with orthodoxy, "He is a Free-thinker and an Atheist." Perhaps the truth lies between those exaggerated native and European views. The Sultan may well be puzzled, but he gathered that Ion Perdicaris was a person to be reckoned with. He proceeded to treat him with marked consideration, and has consulted him indirectly more than once on critical questions.

"I first saw his Chereefian Majesty the Sultan of Morocco," said Perdicaris to me, "when he came here last year with his army and occupied the state apartments at the Casbar, or Government House and Prison." [We were standing in the beautiful grounds of the German Legation, and the German Minister, Count Tattenbach, had just left us to rejoin his guests in his sumptuous patio.] "Yonder you can just see the fine Moorish portico to the prison—it is called the Gate of the Stick, for there justice or the stick used always to be administered. The Sultan had never seen the sea before—never seen an ironclad. He knows very little really of European might. His Ministers do their utmost to keep him in the dark. When he questions the travelled Moors they shrug their shoulders, make light of European armies, and tell him that he could easily defeat the French and English if he once got them into the interior; and if he only had some ironclads—by-the-way, he has just ordered two—he could beat the whole world. On the sea, but only on the sea, he admits our supremacy. Mind you," added Perdicaris, "every year it may be more difficult to cope with him. His men are splendid and fanatical fighters; they have quantities of the newest firearms and some artillery." [This is true, as I heard on high authority that quantities of rifles were daily smuggled into Morocco in different pieces—worse luck!] "A protracted guerrilla war with such trained warriors in the inaccessible Morocco fastnesses would be extremely troublesome, more troublesome than the French and English may think. Then, is not Caid Maclean, a Scotchman, the commander of the Sultan's army, and are not his best troops officered by Frenchmen? You see the Morocco problem is mixed, very mixed." "And when," I asked, "did you first set eyes on the Sultan?" "Well, he had entered Tangier with his fierce, disorderly, ramshackle army last year. They were encamped all about the 'soko,' and their arms were laid on both sides of the road leading up the hill yonder. These uncouth savages from the interior scowled angrily at the Europeans in Tangier, whom they regarded with the greatest contempt—everyone about the Sultan takes the same view. Suddenly, as I was standing on the bridge, a wild cavalry troop came galloping towards me, waving their swords and shouting frantically, 'The Sultan! the Sultan!' The people fled to right and left. I stood still. One rode up to me furiously: 'Dog of a Christian, be off! be off! The Sultan! the Sultan!' 'Get out, yourself,' I answered in Moorish, 'you don't know whom you are talking to—beware how you address such language to me.' He passed on somewhat abashed. The Sultan followed closely. I raised my hat, and he returned my salute graciously. Two of my friends—a Spanish duke and a lady whom he was escorting—fared worse. They were hustled by the soldiers in the 'soko'—the Duke struck out—a fight seemed imminent, when the guards at the German Legation, seeing the disturbance, rushed out and rescued the Duke and his companion. No sooner had I got home than the Sultan's Vizier called. His Majesty desired to see me at four at the Casbar. Now, what followed was thoroughly characteristic. The outer court was cleared.



I knew most of the soldiers—they always saluted me respectfully; but now, rather than look at me, they turned away: it was not etiquette even to notice a dog of a Christian when the Sultan was at the Casbar. The only man who dared to greet me was the Bashaw of Tangier, now the late Bashaw: poor man, he was in disgrace. Before the Sultan left he stripped him of all he had, took him away up country, then threatened instant imprisonment unless he raised 200 mules without delay. With the utmost difficulty, the beggared Bashaw borrowed the money to meet this last exaction. I waited long in the outer court; people went up with petitions—Ministers, soldiers, servitors hurried to and fro ushering various deputations into his Majesty's presence. Suddenly I was seized unceremoniously enough by a guard, as if I had been a mule, and hurried along at a brisk trot into the Sultan's presence. He is a huge, yet finely built man, young-looking for his age, which is fifty-six. His hair is black, his eyes bright, his raiment spotless, and his countenance pleasing, intelligent, and, when he chooses, very gracious. I made my little speech, thanking him for the security I had enjoyed at Tangier, and saying that, as I had been introduced to the other Sovereigns in whose countries I had lived, I had desired to have the honour of being allowed to pay my respects to his Chereefian Majesty—'And you see,' replied the Sultan graciously, 'his Majesty has come halfway to meet you.' I was soon hurried out of the august presence, and I saw the Sultan no more; but his Vizier and suite attended a ball that night at 'El Minzeh,' and stayed at my house till three in the morning, apparently enjoying themselves hugely, and his Majesty sent me a beautiful sword of honour in token of his personal favour. The story that, when he saw my house, 'Idonea,' on the hill as he rode past, he dismounted from his white horse and called for a black horse, in token of displeasure, is *ben travato*, but not true."

"And what do you think of the Sultan personally?" I asked.

"Why, he is a great improvement on his two predecessors. I do not think he is cruel. Torture has much abated, and capital punishment has ceased. Were it not for his surroundings, he would be much more easy to deal with; but he does not like to dismiss certain bigoted old courtiers who served his father. His activity is immense. Like Victor Emmanuel, he rides incessantly from one end of his kingdom to the other, organising, drilling, and reviewing his army. He eats and sleeps at no regular hours. No one knows when he means to start or where he means to go, and the army always goes with him. Suddenly in the middle of the night the order will be given, the alarm sounded, and several thousand men and camp followers will be on their way before daybreak. Imagine the confusion and helter-skelter! Wherever they go they are like locusts—they requisition everything, and pay for nothing."

"And when the Sultan dies what will happen?" I ventured to ask.

"What will happen after the Sultan dies?" repeated Ion Perdicaris, meditatively. "Why, I should say—the Deluge."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Church matters are overshadowed by the General Election. I do not think there is anything like the same interest in Church matters as characterised the last. When that took place, the *Record's* clever extrication of the fact that a great majority of Liberal candidates were favourable to Disestablishment all round made a sensation, and thoroughly alarmed Mr. Gladstone. Now the only question of that kind before the electors is the disestablishment of the State Churches in Scotland and Wales. No interest whatever has been shown in the Scotch question by English Churchmen; and in the case of Wales they have been surprisingly apathetic.

Dr. Dale, the eminent Nonconformist Unionist in Birmingham, has strongly reaffirmed his adherence to his principles. He is willing to concede a Dublin Board for local government of the same type as will yet be given in London, but he sees no necessity for a Parliament, and sympathises with the Ulster resistance.

The Dean of St. Asaph has done very good work in Wales by promoting a Junior Clergy Reading Association. The books of such writers as Gore, Mason, Holland, Westcott, Liddon have been read, besides older books. The only non-Church writer mentioned is Milligan, a Scotch Presbyterian.

The indefatigable Mr. Gore is delivering a special course of lectures in St. Asaph's Cathedral on "The Mission of the Church." The attendance of clergy and laity is encouraging. Among the themes Mr. Gore means to discuss are "Unity within the Church of England," "The Relation of the Church to Independent and Hostile Opinion," and "The Mission of the Church in Society." A good deal of his first lecture was a repetition of his recent University sermon, noticed in these columns the other day.

A proof of what was said above as to the prevailing apathy on Disestablishment is that the Church Defence Institution is receiving comparatively few appeals for its publications. In the election of 1885 something like three millions were issued. It is stated that the time is coming in a good many constituencies for Churchmen to run their own candidates, as they do for school boards.

A very interesting situation exists in at least one Scotch constituency. The voters are Gladstonian, but are largely attached to the Established Church. It is supposed that they are so enthusiastic for Home Rule that they will support it whatever be the fate of their Church. The Conservatives have accordingly abandoned their Unionism. They have brought forward a Gladstonian who is opposed to Disestablishment, and are voting for him. In some Welsh constituencies, if I am rightly informed, Unionist candidates are coming into the field who are in favour of Disestablishment. The natural inference would seem to be that the Scotch care most for Home Rule, the Welsh most for Disestablishment.

The list of preachers in Westminster Abbey for July is very brilliant and completely outshines that of St. Paul's. Besides Bishop Brooks, who preached last Sunday, there are Professor Jowett, Dean Paget, and the great Greek scholar Dr. Gunion Rutherford, the Head Master of Westminster. Dr. Farrar is to preach in the afternoons on the Lord's Prayer.

Among the various denominations there appears to be a general breaking down of dividing walls. Thus, a Presbyterian minister preached in the Baptist Tabernacle of the late Mr. Spurgeon; a Wesleyan, the Rev. W. J. Dawson, has accepted a call from a leading London Congregational church; and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the very successful minister of Regent's Park Baptist Chapel, is called to succeed Dr. Newman Hall at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, where the congregation, once very large, has long been declining.

I should have said the other week that Lord Tennyson's presentation was to Grasby, his brother's vicarage. V.

THE GIPSY'S LAMENT

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It was one of those deep-grey and melancholy Sundays that sometimes intervene to sadden us even in the brightest and most joyous midsummer weather. Of all the mournful hours that I know none are worse than those spent in lonely London chambers in summer-time. In winter it does not so much matter. The fire is a companion, and if the darkness outside is very persistent, you can draw the curtains, light the lamps, and make friends with old books. Not so in summer. All the world seems away except yourself. A song-bird in a cage cannot feel more miserable than the imprisoned Londoner, compelled to hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the lonely policeman, or the hurrying step of the domestic servant, decked in her finery and eager to enjoy her long-anticipated Sunday-out. The sky was overcast, a drizzle drifted round our almost deserted "Fields," a chill wind blew across to us from the east, and a draggle-tailed "procession," with limp banners and gaudily decorated leaders, was passing to march to the Park to protest against something or other or to help the cause of some deserving institution. I could stand it no longer. The country could not be worse than this, and it might be decidedly better; so I bethought me of some favourite old corner I could revisit and recall happy memories.

I am very fond of the river below bridge, as it is called. I like the picturesque old wharves and tumble-down inns and forgotten gardens that Dickens describes so admirably. I seem to know the exact spot where Quilp was drowned and the very wharf where Tom Scott stood on his head for the edification of that little monster. It may be bad taste, but I infinitely prefer the masts and the ships and the docks of Rotherhithe, the old palace of Greenwich, and the variety of the tideway to the gaudy medley of fuss and fashion that makes Boulter's Lock a veritable bear-garden and has completely vulgarised both Cliveden and Cookham. I like to see the great steamers going out to sea with stately confidence or returning homewards, a long journey done. The mind is endlessly occupied between London Bridge and Gravesend.

And there is a balcony where you can see it all to advantage on the dreariest day. It is the balcony of a riverside hotel, charmingly situated, with a green wood and garden grounds at the back of it, and a miniature village at the doors, and a glorious river panorama in front of you, where you get sunset effects that would have delighted Turner and enchanted Ruskin. This delightful little old-world hostelry, which has been in one worthy family for half a century, is to be found at Purfleet; and now that the good old days of whitebait dinners are over, it may be as well to note that there are still as good fish—and as well cooked—as ever came out of the sea, and there are worse things in life than a good cigar on the Purfleet balcony after a water souchée, a dish of *curried* whitebait, a duckling, and such green peas as are served up never but in a country inn. But I had scarcely arrived in Purfleet a second before I saw at once that something unusual was going on: the little Purfleet station was filled with dark-eyed gypsies and bandana-swathed Bohemians. At first I thought they were emigrants preparing for a long voyage, but before I had proceeded much farther I found that the village of Purfleet had been turned into a veritable gipsy encampment. Carts, caravans, roundabouts, shows, were clustered round the little Purfleet Hotel. In fact, it was literally barricaded with the curious impedimenta of these strange creatures, who live in houses upon wheels and camp under hedges, whose home is the air, and life the green fields. But all at once, as I loitered through the leafy lanes, so silent on this sad Sunday, a wild, piercing shriek rent the air. A gipsy lad rushed past me with a most piteous cry. It was a cry of unutterable pain, but not one that had been caused by a cuff on the head or an ugly blow from a bully. No; there was a touch of heart in that wail of pain. But away he rushed into the distance, like some wounded thing. What could it be? I was startled, astonished, and walked on. I turned a corner and came upon a curious sight. A crowd of astonished sightseers surrounded a smart, well-painted green caravan. It was a travelling home worthy of Mrs. Jarley herself. All was new, gay, and in apple-pie order. At the windows of the caravan there were neat little lace curtains and flower-pots with roses in them, and on the door a polished brass knocker. But the blinds were down at all the windows, and the door was closed, and leaning against the steps of the house on wheels were two girls, weeping even more piteously than the boy who had rushed off with his despair to the woods like a hunted thing. The crowd did little to assuage the grief of these ragged and unkempt maidens. They did not comfort them, but let them cry on. Ever and anon there passed round and round the caravan a pale, care-worn man, with eyes that looked unutterable tears but shed absolutely none. Occasionally, he patted the crying girls affectionately on the head, looked up at the closed windows and door in speechless agony, and again tramped on up and down the lane, round and round the weeping women, only standing still for an instant when he gazed into the river at his feet. Louder and louder became the cry of the girls. At first the muttered words were incoherent, but after a little time the first tempest of the sorrow passed away, and I could hear distinctly the words, "Mother! Mother! Dear, dear mother! Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do! The Eastern origin of these wanderers soon asserted itself; their wail was that of Rachel. And then it was I heard that three minutes before I had arrived on the scene a gipsy woman had died. It was her son that had fled with his sobs into the wood; it was her daughters who filled the fields with their lamentations; it was her faithful husband who walked like a hunted spectre round the caravan where his wife of many years lay dead. How strange it all seemed! A curious fascination bound me to the spot, and I could not help looking at that wayside caravan that contained the dead woman who had passed away homeless but still at home. They told me the story afterwards. The poor woman had been ill for years, had been to hospital after hospital, but had expressed a wish to join her family at Purfleet Fair. She felt she would get well at Purfleet—the Purfleet where she had met her husband, the Purfleet where some of her children had been born in a summer-time as beautiful as this, the Purfleet where she had been so happy in the dear old days. Well, perhaps she was happier than ever now, for at Purfleet on that peaceful Sunday the poor wandering gipsy woman closed her eyes for ever.

In the evening, as I waited for the train, I saw a group of gypsies under a tree that shadowed the lane. They were deep in talk, and the spokesman was the very lad who had rushed past me in his agony of sorrow in the afternoon. He was calmer now, and he spoke with infinite tenderness of his dead mother: "Oh! if you could only see her now! She looks so beautiful. Father would never have forgiven himself if he had not brought her down here and seen her die. They've been parted so long. But father's got no cause to complain, he says, for mother died in the best caravan of the show."

What a humble epitaph was here!—what subtle reverence to truth and goodness! She died in the best caravan of the show! They could do no more for her than that! And after the night would come morning, and with it the noise and the din and the roundabouts of Purfleet Fair. *Telle est la vie!*



TO BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

VI.

We stayed in Dresden a week, and had we waited a few days longer we might have enjoyed the double spectacle of cycle championships and royalty. But if there is one fact upon which we both agree, it is that cycles are made for the road and not for the track, and to us cycle racing is but vanity and vexation. And so, to the infinite disgust of the hotel porter, who had tickets of admission to the race-course to sell, we turned our backs upon Dresden just as cyclists from far and near were hurrying towards it.

"Brace up," said J—, "don't tumble off!" And I looked down the road, and there came a Saxon club, and in the middle, well guarded on every side by men on ordinaries, were two women on safeties—two rival Palaces of Delight. My greatness at once went from me: no longer did I monopolise the laughs by the wayside. But for comfort, and with spontaneous amiability, J— told me that I rode far better than they.

Germany, now that we were about to leave it, became more picturesque the farther we went. Our road followed the Elbe, and brought us first to Pirna, on a hill overlooking the river, where, in the fine old market-square, we found a brass band, in top hats, playing the "Racoczy," the national Hungarian air. We took this for a good omen: were we not on the way to Hungary? To be sure, it was some distance off yet, but in an hour or two we should be in Bohemia, which to us meant a land as remote and as wild and as Eastern. Perhaps because we were in particularly good spirits, we could imagine—though as a rule we are not over-imaginative—that we heard in the "Racoczy" a farewell to the familiar Western civilisation, a welcome to Orientalism and all its wonders. Certainly, when we had crossed the wide tableland along the road lined with cherry-trees to Königstein, the famous fortress on its hilltop, impressive and fine as Edinburgh Castle, looked as if it were prepared to defy all the Eastern hordes that ever devastated Europe.

But, after Königstein, we were not yet in Bohemia. There came first a ride, that would have been enchanting had not the greater part of it been a walk, through the Saxon Switzerland. I do not know how many sham Switzerlands there are in Europe: we came to three in the course of the summer's journey. But the Saxon is a very creditable sham, with its winding green valleys, its dark pine forests, and its rocky precipices, where there are enough "needles" and "old men" and "gendarmes" to stock a whole guide-book. And there were tourists enough on the road and in the villages to pay them the usual honours—rude tourists, who smiled superciliously when they saw me walking on an up-grade, delighted tourists, who applauded when they saw me coasting, polite tourists, who directed us on the way.

We never knew when we crossed the frontier. There was no visible Customs station, there were no Customs officers, German or Austrian, to ask us where we were going or what we



PIRNA.

had in our knapsacks. But we knew that Tyssa was a Bohemian town, and so, when we reached it and found it one solid mass of booths and merry-go-rounds and people, we fancied a distinct difference in the character of the faces, just as we saw a distinct change of costume in the handkerchiefs worn by the women on their heads. There was an open-air circus going on, and we stopped to look. The performance might have been in a little English town; and as for the fair, it might have been any place, except that never had we seen so many boots for sale in our life. But then, at that time, we had not yet been to Hungary.

I was a Palace of Delight again before the afternoon was over; my Saxon rivals could never have crossed the frontier. Indeed, I made almost too great a sensation on the outskirts of Aussig, where endless beer-gardens line the highway. And I think every man, woman, and child accompanied us in our search for an hotel through the town, which looks as if it had sprung up overnight and might tumble down before morning.

Aussig would have left a blank in my note-book had we not there had our first experience with Austrian money, which is a delusion and a snare. It takes weeks to master the difference between a gulden and a mark—that is, if you come, as we did, from Germany into the Austrian Empire. You look at the bill of fare and think "How cheap!" and you order recklessly. And then, when you pay, you realise suddenly that you have spent twice as much as you meant to. More welcome to the thrifty woman is the Austrian custom of paying as you eat in the restaurant or café of your hotel; but, if an excellent plan for the guests, it is in the long run, I fancy, the landlord's loss.

There was nothing very wild or Oriental about Aussig, as brand-new as a town in the far west of America, and we hurried away from it at five the next morning. But it was not too early for servants we had never laid eyes upon to insist peremptorily on being tipped. This demanding of tips, it is noted, is also another Austrian custom; the average Austrian waiter would be rejected, I think, everywhere else, for he is as importunate as a Neapolitan cab-driver and almost as dirty as a Polish Jew.

Beyond the town the road was uncivilised enough to make us long to be back in civilisation, and on the other side of the "Racoczy" and the unknown wonders we had been rhapsodising about only the day before. It was a by-road at first, with ruts in which our wheels were half buried, and mud that in places was up to our shoe-tops. It spoiled the pleasure of what might have been a lovely morning's ride by the Elbe, where it winds beneath high hills, many vine-clad, and crowded with church or monastery or little town. I think it was after Lobositz, which, like Aussig, had that look of having sprung up in a night and being on the point of as speedy a collapse, that we struck the high road; but I would not like to be too sure, the difference was so slight. The one advantage was that there was an apology of a side path, where, once or twice, the Austrian soldiers, in their red caps, coming up to our Oriental expectations, politely got out of the way for us. But it was not much to boast of, and, beyond the next town, it ended suddenly in a sand-heap and a big pool, across which we had to be ferried in company with a postman. It did the same thing again—this main highway to the capital—in the afternoon, on the shores of a wide river, where an old gilded state-coach, turned into omnibus, was waiting for the ferry. But its worst feature was its execrable engineering, or, rather, want of engineering. It ran across the country in a long, straight line, taking in every hill, rushing straight up at its



THE BRIDGE AT PRAGUE.

steepest angle, and, as there are nothing but hills thereabout, our ride was very much like climbing up and down an endless succession of cathedral roofs. I never knew that wretched road to turn from its straight course except when by chance the hills it loved were a little to its right or left; then it made a bee-line for them. But it would not go an inch to one side, even over a level, to let us pass through a town where there was something to eat, and at noon we had to choose between riding several kilometres out of our direct route, or else pushing on dinnerless. We decided for the dinner—"natürlich," as the Germans say. But a more ill-tempered person than I when I reached the decent commercial hotel of Raudnitz you would have to travel far to find; and the walk afterwards along another atrocious by-road in the burning hot sunlight of three o'clock did not help to put me in good humour again.

And then we both resented the fact that the people and the country were not in the least what we had expected. It is a mistake to have preconceived ideas about a place. Where was the wildness of our ideal Bohemia? I do not think that we were over-romantic or unreasonable. We had not looked for an arid waste, or the jungle, or an African desert in the heart of Europe. We had hoped modestly for a sort of natural Sherwood or Fontainebleau, forest and heath unreclaimed, not preserved. And it was trying to find, instead, a land over-cultivated, over-civilised, over-populated. Why, there was not a slope or a level space where the plough had not passed and seed been sown. The only trees we came to were the cherry-trees by the roadside, and then there was no eating the cherries in peace. If we picked them, even if J— reached up for them from his bicycle—a bit of trick-riding which I did not seek to emulate—a dog barked, a woman screamed, or a man swore from the ditch or from the little straw hut pitched under the trees. I believe the fruit belongs to the commune, and when picking time comes the people send out their watchmen to guard it and save it from the traveller. They were friendlier in Saxon, where, on the road from Dresden to Königstein, no one objected to our helping ourselves and eating as much as we could.

The towns and villages were as over-civilised, in the modern sense, as the country was over-cultivated. We had not journeyed all this distance to see nothing but staring new apartment houses and townhalls, not half so good as those at home. What is the use of an old country if it has no old stuff to show for its years? We passed a few churches with eastern-like domes for belfries, a convent with beautiful Renaissance portal, and the castle of Raudnitz, and that was all, except those irresistible rococo statues which the Morris school would declare debased, but which to our unregenerate taste were a never-ceasing delight. Everywhere, in roadside shrines, in little chapels of their own, in the market-squares, in the churches, were the deliciously affected, self-conscious Madonnas and

saints, and the conceited, posing little angels with chubby hands, pretending to wipe the tears from one eye while with the other they looked to see the effect upon the passer-by. The rest, however, was modern—hopelessly modern. There must have been a big building boom in the north of Bohemia somewhere about the year 1888, the favourite date on street paving and pretentious buildings, but, like so many booms in America, it apparently had come to nothing. Some of the largest houses had never been finished, but stood, ruined before they were built—a melancholy moral for social and industrial reformer. The towns were given over to modern improvements, the villages—those immaculately clean little villages—to geese. Once, in a village shop-window, among a distressing lot of tin and china trash, we found a beautiful large jar, the only thing we wanted in the whole course of our Bohemian ride. However, you cannot carry *brisé à-bracé* of that kind on a bicycle, especially over roads where you feel as if you yourself might fall to pieces any minute.

As for the people, there was not a sign of the dreamy sadness and strange mysticism of the Slav that one is for ever reading about. They worked with a dogged energy and commonplace industry that would not have been out of the way in Zola's peasants. In no other country is it so impossible to remain unconscious of the surplus population question and the hopelessness of the peasant's fate. In Germany, or during other rides in France, in Italy, in England, we sometimes had the road to ourselves; in Bohemia, never. There was always someone just behind us or just in front of us, always toilers, chiefly women, in the fields. The one touch of Arcadian freedom was in the group of young girls bathing at noon in a pool by the roadside just on the outskirts of a large village, who ran to the bank when they saw us, and stood there as we passed, unabashed as Eve before she ate the apple, while the water trickled off their naked bodies.

From the moment we first saw Prague, it impressed us as the most theatrical city we had ever seen off the stage. Nothing could have been more dramatic than our first glimpse of it from the distance. It had been a long day's run from Aussig, doubly tiresome because of the hills and the heat, which was intense, and we counted upon staying in a village ten kilomètres or more on the Aussig side of Prague. But when we reached it we found no hotel, and a native cyclist assured us there was none by the way, though we were quite sure that the house in front of which he stood was an inn; and so, though the sun had set, and now and then rain fell in a light drizzle, we had to keep on. There was nothing to do but to pull ourselves together and settle down to hard work. When the way was dreariest and the evening gloomiest, suddenly below us—the road turning sharply without our realising it—millions of lights blazed up in the darkness: lights in long lines, lights in circles, lights in fantastic arabesques, all leading up to one high flaming pyramid. This was what we should have seen on the Brocken. It was a spectacle which, had Sir Augustus Harris or Mr. Irving invented it, would have doubled his fortune in a season.

But, though these were the lights of Prague, the road left them far behind, and went on and on through endless crowded suburbs. And the drizzle turned into drenching rain, and the mud, as we neared the town, grew deeper, and we walked and walked and walked—first in the middle of the road, then along a dark, shady path, then on the pavement under dim street lamps, for Prague, now we were in it, was as dingy as it had been brilliant from the distance. We were so miserable that we took refuge in the first hotel we reached, without looking at its name, and, what was of more account to us, without asking its prices; for, to be done with a disagreeable subject, I might as well say here that in Bohemia you must bargain as in Italy, since the Bohemian, like the Italian, will cheat you if he can, though, unlike the Italian, when you find him out, he does not see the humour of it, but, if you object, threatens to call the police. The hotel was unpretending, really nothing more than a large beer-hall. But our room, which, I must admit, was large and clean and comfortable, cost us more than in the large hotels of Berlin and Vienna.

It is by the river that Prague is most theatrical, when one looks to its cathedral and palace-crowned hill from the bridge where the rococo religious figures strike attitudes in a long line on either side. The bridge was being restored when we were there, and many of the statues had been put away for the time. But I hope and believe they are to be faithfully set back again in their old places, for the delight of the world and the greater comfort of the pious native, who crosses himself—or, more generally, herself—before each statue in turn, by no means a light task. Much depends upon this restoration, for, without the bridge the picturesqueness of Prague would lose its special and delightful quality. Not that I would make light of the cathedral, which is striking in position, impressive architecturally, and full of fine detail, even though its nave is being built for the first time to-day. Nor would I deny the beauty and interest of the old Romanesque church, of the townhall and so many other ancient houses, of the hilly streets, of those marvellous gates, each one more theatrical than the last, or of the Dominican monastery on the brow of the hill, where the affable little father took



PRAGUE.

us through the library and showed us shells and minerals we did not want to see, all the time talking his soft musical Bohemian to two friends, and where, in the green space outside, I watched the Father Superior walking peacefully in the morning sunshine and patting the passing children on the head, while another monk took J— to see the Albert Dürer, which hangs in the innermost cloisters, where women are not allowed to go. There were plenty of tourists about, but none were English, and it was because old Prague seemed to us so inexhaustible that we found no time for the great Exhibition which young Czechs were then doing their best to turn into political capital. However, when all is said, the fact remains that, while Prague cannot boast a monopoly of Romanesque and Gothic architecture, of hills and monasteries, its bridge knows no rival throughout the world. The rococo statues are the most characteristic feature of northern Bohemia, and on the bridge of Prague they reach their highest rococo perfection.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

No doubt "The Joyce's Widow Testimonial Fund" amounted to a sum that was very welcome to the widow of Joyce; but the daily list of contributors was a miserable sight compared with the long array of lumping sums which can always be got together when some favourite society person celebrates a golden wedding or provides occasion for a memorial window. That Joyce was about to take a pension and retirement after a lifetime of good service does not seem to have told much on the sympathy and imagination of the subscribing classes, though some good fellows, male and female, did send their £1 1s. and even £2 2s. Perhaps there was a restraining recollection that, if a police constable gets knifed or shot in the execution of his duty, it is in the execution of his duty that he gets shot or knifed; and that public polity, public morality perhaps, forbids the exaltation of a merely dutiful servant of the State into a special sort of heroism. There is something in that—a good deal in it; but providing for Joyce's widow was as much a matter of private feeling as any other act of commiseration, and we live in a time when it is thought quite the thing to give not only advancement but tens of thousands of pounds out of the Treasury to the winners of fourth-class battles—victories that counted for an ordinary good day's work in the time of the Peninsular War, and were, indeed, nothing more.

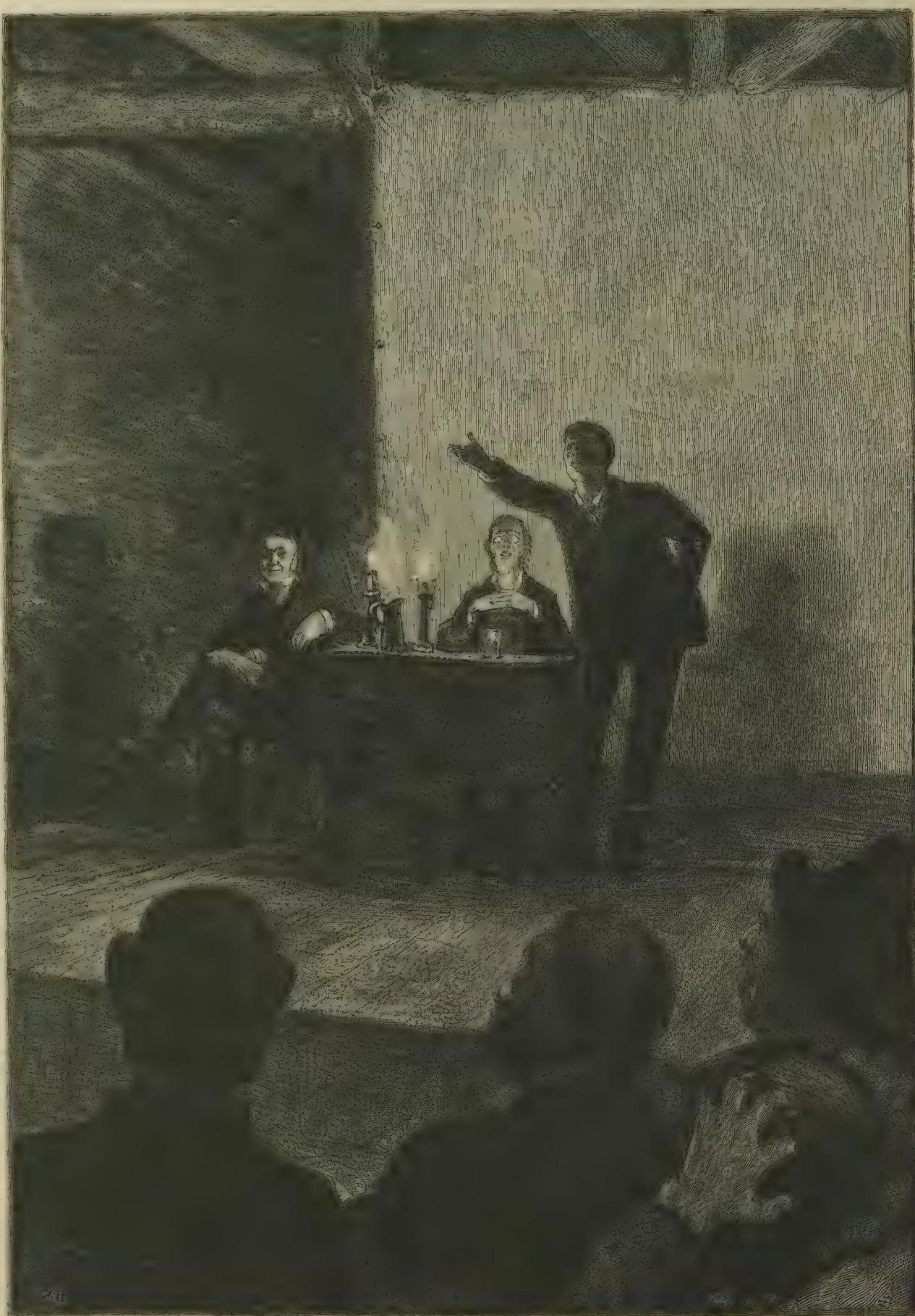
But we are a strange people altogether, and our virtues are oddly mixed and tangled. Think what a whimsical, pitiful decline from wrecking it is to await the landing of some scores of half-drowned people, and then charge them "two shillings for a cup of tea, and for other things in proportion." This, it seems, can happen on the coast at Kinsale, and similar things can happen elsewhere. In a Welsh town, on a certain Sunday not long ago, some American ladies were caught in a shower of rain on returning from church. They took shelter in the doorway of a little shop; the door opened, the ladies were invited in, and, with coy apologies, accepted the invitation. The rain ceased, the grateful ladies rose to go, and in answer to their thanks, received the intimation, "Shillin', please!" Ireland, Wales; now for England. About the time when the wrecked passengers of the Inman steamer were drinking tea at two shillings a cup, some person unknown, passing over Putney Heath, spied the body of a suicide lying by the way. Like the person unknown, presumably, the suicide belonged to the working classes. After scribbling a line or two to Rhoda, saying that "You and dread of the workhouse has caused this," and expressing a hope that God would bless Rhoda for ever, and that Dr. Jervis and a Mr. Henson would take care of her now that he was out of the way, the poor man shot himself. Coming upon the dreadful scene, the wayfarer above alluded to stayed to take it in, then wrenched the pistol from the stiffened hand and walked off with it in sapient quietude. Nice man! Let us hope that he doesn't much enjoy his little secret. He certainly would not if he knew what a thousand and twenty-one novelists could impart to him—the natural use of that pistol at some future period.

The time of roses 1892 has been altogether a sad time of shootings and stabbings and smashings and drownings—of murder much and suicide more. Whether in old days the canon 'gainst self-slaughter was greatly effective or not is an

interesting question, for the very great deal that is associated with it. Probably it was effective in considerable measure: for, while the murderer was taught that there was always time on this side the grave for penitence and absolution, the suicide understood that there was no such hopeful future for him. One thing seems pretty certain: not only has the sense of *guilt* in self-murder dwindled, but it is no longer thought the family *disgrace* which it used to be deemed. So much the worse, whatever the philosophers may have to say to it. But as for this matter, there is a quite unquestionable and a cruel crime which magistrates themselves are changing their minds about. This is the murder or the abandonment of children who happen to be illegitimate by women who happen to be unmarried. Only a few days ago, a young woman who had put her infant child out into

(in proportion to their numbers) than the children of the very poor. Very poor town children rarely have milk to drink; the children of well-to-do folk have plenty.

It was not till 1830 that Asiatic cholera crept into Europe, and the first news of it received in England came from Russia. Charles Greville (who, as Clerk of the Privy Council, had so much to do with the disorder afterwards that his labour quite "disgusted" him) records in his Journal on Nov. 11: "Yesterday came a letter from Lord Heytesbury, from St. Petersburg, saying that there was reason to believe that the disorder now raging in Russia is a sort of plague, but that they will not admit it, and that it is impossible to get at the truth." That is always a difficulty in Russia; and, to be on the safe side, orders were given to put Russian ships under a "precautionary quarantine." No more was done ("Government was thinking of Reform and other matters, and would not bestow much attention to this subject") till June of the following year, when a fresh outbreak in Russia and its appearance at Riga, where some hundreds of English merchant-vessels lay, set up a general alarm. Then the Council sent for Sir Henry Halford—a great physician in his day—put a mass of documentary evidence in his hands, and desired him to consult with some of his more eminent colleagues, and reply to the following questions: Is the disease contagious, and can it be conveyed by goods? Next day Sir Henry and his associates answered "Yes" to the first question, "No" to the second! But, luckily, the evidence was afterwards submitted to the College of Physicians, which learned body reported very curtly that the disease *could* be communicated by merchandise. This was dead against the documentary evidence, but yet the Council decided to establish a strong system of quarantine and take other precautions. By September the disorder had spread bodily to Berlin, where, as in St. Petersburg, it was believed to be no natural malady, but produced by poison: the rich, finding the poor too numerous to be conveniently governed, had adopted this mode of thinning the population—a mode which the English had tried with great success in India! It is recorded to the discredit of the English people that a little later "precisely the same prejudices have been shown here that were found at St. Petersburg and Berlin"; but not to the same extent, presumably. What certainly happened was that, the malady creeping but slowly into this island, many people began to rebel against the restrictions and regulations of the Government, till at



THE TRAVELLING ORATOR.

See "Our Illustrations."

the street, and left it there (which child soon after died), seems to have been absolved from all punishment whatever. It is very likely that this young woman had herself suffered great wrong. It is so too often in such cases; but the wrong, however black, does not make the killing or half-killing of innocent children blameless, and we should beware of making it generally understood that it does. When (to refer to an actual case) an unmarried mother commits a robbery which she would have refrained from (apparently) had she not a baby to keep, her discharge from court unpunished may be quite right, quite unobjectionable: but if so, don't let us forget that poor widows with two or three hungry little children about them may hope to steal with the like impunity. Let us set these things on a regular footing.

Should the fever—scarlet fever, that terrible scourge—continue its devastations, it will not surprise the writer of this column if it is found that the children of the rich suffer more

length: "the disposition of the public was to believe that the whole thing was a humbug." Vestries refused to pay for carrying out the precautionary measures of the Privy Council. In London "the mob took the part of the Anti-Cholericites" and the most disgraceful scenes occurred. On one occasion a patient, who was being removed from home with his own consent, was taken out of his chair by a mob and carried back, the chair broken, and the bearers and surgeon hardly escaping with their lives. It was not long, however, before the "Anti-Cholericites" were well convinced of their error, and Sir Henry Halford and his friends also. One good result of this visitation was that it not only brought to light a truly awful state of things amid the dwellings of the poor, but firmly established the conviction that such neglect and such foulness constitute a common danger as well as a common shame. We may date from the revelations of 1831 the anxiety for "sanitation," which, in its results, is our safeguard now, when cholera has again appeared in Russia.



"ON THE WAY TO THE POLL"—BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

CARGLEN POACHERS.

It was winter, and a thin coating of snow lay upon the ground. All was as cosy as could be in the clean farm kitchen at Bankhead. On the open hearth a big fire blazed, whose ruddy flames shone bright upon the rows of polished tin jugs and fantastic-coloured earthenware safely set in the large white dresser. The swish of the wind through the bare, leafless trees in the wood was heard clearly at intervals, while an occasional gust of cold air sweeping down the chimney brought

straining our eyes until we can strain them no more. For a time we see nothing unusual, but all at once Jock Simpson, who is next to the teller of this story, raises his "Whist!" indicating also a certain spot in the brae. And lo! we are now in a fix, for as sure as we are poachers, yonder is a man moving behind the bushes. The guilty conscience of each one tells him that this Carglener must be the gamekeeper! Besides, there we can see his well-known hat, different from most others in our parish. What can be done? If we move, we are dead men, so to say, for he will see and be after us with



"Whist!"

a nasty whiff of the frosty atmosphere out of doors. There was scant inducement for anyone to quit the warmth and cheer of the friendly fireside, though the moon was up; but it so happened that we had resolved upon a night's poaching, and its anticipated delights were too near our hearts to permit of giving it up. So bent were we upon this unlawful escapade that the big moon sailing serenely in a clear sky, and filling all the braes with its bright cold light, did not deter us. We set at nought the wise Carglen counsel, "Ye had better, may be, no gang poachin' at a', but mair especial on unnelicht nichts, whann ye stan' over big a chance o' bein' fund oot."

We are a company of four: three of us have guns, and one, the teller of this story, is without a gun; but then he never shot anything himself, though he has an affectionate reverence for all who are skilled in the art. So we pass out of the warm, sheltering farmhouse into the bare wood and the sharp winter's wind. Our way is rough and uneven, over little hillocks and hidden tree roots, but we are each more or less familiar with the ground, so manage to make as little noise as possible. The brae slopes gradually down to the broad, swift-rushing S—, the sound of whose waters racing over their pebbly bed reaches our ears in varying cadences. Now and again, too, we catch a glimpse of the stream, brightly glittering in the rich moonlight. If there are deer about—and it is deer that we are after—we cannot fail to see them; and, indeed, there is much chance of their seeing us too soon, taking fright, and scampering away. We are making for a corner of the wood which looks out on the broad shelving banks of a tumbling burn that here flows into the river. Thither come the deer in all weathers, for there is always something to browse upon in certain of the nooks. It is quite possible to shoot them, firing from one bank to the other, and a certain advantage is gained from the continuous chatter of the burn, for it is thus possible to get to close quarters and secure our prey. But, alas! we are going to secure no prey this evening. The deer will be there in all truth; we shall look upon them with longing, bloodthirsty hearts, but, notwithstanding, our hands shall be stayed.

It is a rough, thorny bank down which we are now trying to gropes our way, and our eyes are peering about for dun sides or antlered heads, while the chill breeze all the time blows about our ears and the thin snow crunches softly under foot. Tam Todd, who is our leader, and well to the fore, here signals, by silently uplifting his hand, that he has "spotted" something; so that our hearts begin to beat thick and fast. Meanwhile, we crouch low behind the whin and blackberry bushes, and our eyes search as best they may the torn defiles on the opposite bank. It is not long before the deer are seen by all of us; three fine animals—a big antlered stag and two hinds. They are feeding peacefully in a cleft on the sides of a steep mound known as the "Tappit Duke," and a very little dodging and manoeuvring on our part will bring us within musket range of them. "Whist!" suddenly cries Tam Todd, in a very low stage whisper, still keeping one eye on the bank, and turning the other in a ludicrous angle to those who are behind. A few seconds pass, and Tam again hisses a sort of warning, while pointing with his finger in an uncanny fashion at the brae. Of course we gaze and gaze,

Meanwhile the deer have taken alarm, and they are slowly and warily making for the big wood of Cairntil as you go towards the Moss. Did ever doomed soul turn from the bright gates of Paradise, or prisoner condemned to a dreary dungeon take farewell of the sweet sky which he might see no more, or bloodthirsty savage gaze upon his enemy within his grip yet have no power to strike, with feelings of deeper exasperation and chagrin than those with which we now ruefully watch the retreating deer?

"Oh! to be up and at 'em!" is the expression on every face. Jock Simpson, poor fellow, is gripping away at his gun in a peculiarly nervous manner, and we all tremble lest in an unguarded moment he lose self-control and let fire at the beautifully sleek deer.

"Jock, be a man!" says one in a muttered growl; and Jock, determined to be a man, lets his gun slide down, looking the picture of woful resignation. Our leader, too, Tam Todd, must be swearing inwardly, for his teeth are set and his eyes flash fire.

When the deer are quite gone a revulsion sets in, and once again we begin to repent in dust and ashes. The moonlight is clearer, the cold sharper than ever, and we are fairly in the "deil's moo'."

Now is the moment for genius to assert itself—and genius does assert itself.

"Let's argy wi' 'im," cries the voice of genius.

"Dang it! ay, let's argy wi' 'im," is the response to the voice of genius.

In another minute we are all boldly marching down the brae in order to try the persuasive powers of the human tongue upon the incorruptible Wull Dochart. The wind has arisen, and, as it shakes the bushes, we seem to hear a thousand sprites laughing at us. Wull never moves a step, but he stands stiffly up as we climb the other bank. And then, at last we are face to face.

It is ten seconds before anyone can utter a word.

At length says Tam Todd, looking at the face of our enemy and the hat upon his head: "It's a clear case o' impostur'!"

Then our wits recover as we begin to realise that this is no gamekeeper at all but only our neighbour from the Mains o' Cairntil, Sam Tocher, the best shot in Carglen!

"What means it, chiel?" cries Sam, feigning to speak in anger.

Another long pause ensues.

Then cries Tam Todd, "Weel, you're about the best, I'm a thinkin'!"

"Nae doubt," rejoins Sam, complacently.

"Was na it a bargain clean settlit?" inquires Tam, assuming a sweet, suggestive, argumentative attitude.

"Ye'll ken best," adds Sam, his wrath rapidly cooling down.

"Na ye'll ken best yersel', for it was your ain offer," says Tam, now in the tones of a stern judge.

"Haith an' it may be," softly adds Sam.

"Ye're a faith-breaker and a le'er, and ye maun suffer for 't," declares Tam, proceeding to deliver sentence. "Ye're real thankless, tee, for ye had the vera choicest keg o' whisky, an' a' for naething. Yet here ye are as if tha' braes were the sole anes in Carglen. Ye're nae yersel' eyther, but gat up like a gamekeeper—and, Lord save me, sic a gamekeeper! Aweel, its broken banes for ye," adds the stern judge.

"Bide a wee," pleads Sam Tocher.

"Nae a second," cries Tam Todd, and in a moment he sends Sam Tocher sprawling among the whin bushes.

Sam picks himself up, but Tam is again ready to let drive, we all backing him up like a little army. Meanwhile the moon shines brighter than ever, and we can see Sam's face sadly quivering.

"I'm a breaker o' faith," gasps he.

"An' a le'er!" roars Tam, still showing his clenched fist.

"An' a le'er," says Sam.

"An' ye'll gie back the keg?" continues our champion.

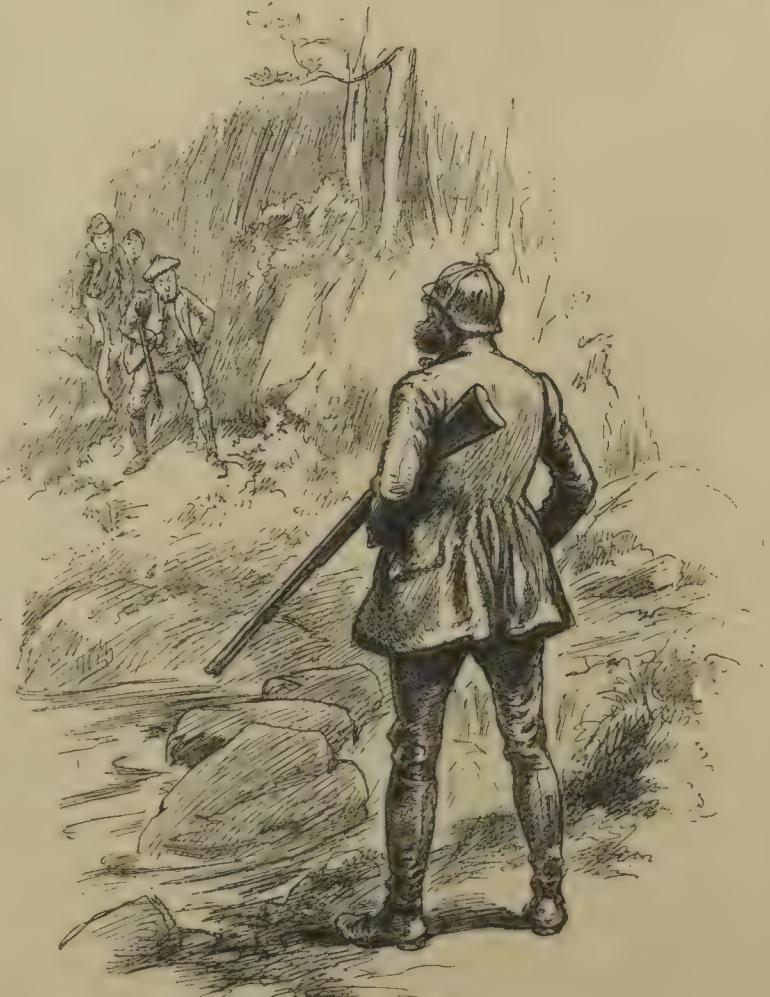
"That or another," says the faith-breaker.

This is poachers' law in Carglen.

* * * * *

The air has now been cleared, and we all hurry on like wise men, chattering in a friendly way, to Sam's cottage at the Mains o' Cairntil.

ALEXANDER GORDON.



"It's a clear case o' impostur'."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent asks me if I can refer him to any published facts regarding the nature and strength of the limpet's grasp of the rock to which it attaches itself. Looking into the details about the limpet and its attachment, I find that Réaumur was apparently one of the first among modern naturalists to investigate the nature of the limpet's adhering power. He found that a weight varying from 28lb. to 30lb. was required to overcome its adhesiveness, and I presume this estimate is by no means excessive, if we have regard to the force of the blow or the kick you require to exert by way of dislodging the mollusc from its rocky attachment. More recently Mr. Percy Aubin, in *Nature* (volume 45), detailed some experiments he had made on the limpet's strength; while Mr. J. Lawrence Hamilton, M.R.C.S., of Brighton, states that even a shell-less limpet is able to pull 1984 times its own weight in the air, and about double when immersed in water. Mr. Hamilton adds that fasting fleas (but why "fasting") on an average pull 1493 times their own dead weight; that the cockle-like *Venus verrucosa* of the Mediterranean has a pulling power of 2071 times the weight of its own body; and that the force required to open an oyster is to be estimated at about 1319.5 times the weight of the shell-less mollusc.

As regards the nature of the limpet's adhesive powers, these have formed matter of dispute among naturalists. Formerly it was believed that, by contracting the "foot" (which is the great broad surface by which the limpet adheres to the rock), a vacuum was formed, and that by this sucker-like action the mollusc contrived to maintain a firm foothold. It seems, however, that Réaumur divided a limpet in two from top to base as it adhered to the rock, and each half remained firmly fixed. This experiment is quoted as showing that if the adhesion was due to a vacuum it would be destroyed by the cleaving of the animal, and the divided halves would necessarily drop apart. Accordingly, a new theory was started to the effect that the source of the limpet's adhesive powers was due to a very strong natural marine glue which the foot secreted. Dr. Johnston, once an authority on natural history, says that if one applies the finger to the foot of the limpet it is held "by a very sensible resistance, although no glue is perceptible." If the foot be moistened with water no such adhesion of the finger, he adds, is possible, for the water has dissolved the glue. Hence he regards the sea-water as "Nature's solvent," wherewith the natural glue is dissolved when the animal desires to move from its resting-place, as it does frequently, to browse on the seaweeds by means of its long ribbon-like tongue provided with rows of flinty teeth—a splendid object, by-the-way, for the microscope. Dr. Johnston tells us that the glue is secreted by the glands of the limpet's foot, and that it requires some time for its manufacture; so that, after the animal has been forcibly detached once or twice, it needs an interval of rest before it can re-fix itself.

Now, personally, and from my own observations on the limpet, I am by no means convinced that Dr. Johnston's explanation is the correct one, nor am I much enamoured of Réaumur's experimental test. It is true that when you detach a limpet you get a sensation of a glutinous kind when you pass your finger over the foot; but this, I take it, arises from the presence of the ordinary mucous secretion of the foot common to all such molluscs. I incline to favour the older vacuum theory, because it is not unknown in other animals (witness the suckers of the cuttlefish and the tips of the sea-urchin's feet) and because I think we can demonstrate the probable existence of a sucker-like action, despite Réaumur's experiment. Thus, to begin with, the most gentle insertion of the point of a penknife will dislodge a limpet, if you take it fairly, because, I fancy, this very gentle operation necessarily destroys the vacuum. Again, even if you do slice a limpet from apex to base as it rests on its rock, you do not necessarily destroy its adhesive powers, because each half of the foot, I think, makes a new and temporary sucker on its account, and thus renews the vacuum. Added to this, we have to take into account the fact that the limpet lies embedded in a little hollow of the rock, which it has rubbed out by the friction of the flint particles in its foot. This hollow or bed gives it a coign of vantage in the way of vacuum-production, which will naturally operate in preserving the sucker-like action even in the divided animal. But many of my readers, I trust, may spend a profitable hour or two by the sea in devoting their energies to the solution of the question, "How does a limpet stick to the rock?" This is exactly one of those commonplace questions in science which one gets little help in solving from books.

Another correspondent, writing from Detroit, Michigan, sends me an account of "A Prehistoric Beast," which, from the cutting he encloses, I fancy appeared in the *Detroit Evening News*—I can only imperfectly make out the name of the journal—of May 31. The account is dated from Los Angeles, Cal. Appropriately, this monster was seen in Death Valley Desert. One Mr. Oscar W. Clark saw a strange body moving along, about a mile away. He was "both elated and horrified" to find this body was an animal fully 31 ft. long, and like nothing that is alive in the way of animal life to-day. Part of the time it walked on its hind feet, which was certainly a trick of some of the big Mesozoic reptiles, and it left "tracks" of three-toed feet. Its fore limbs were short, and it ate scrub and devoured it. The thumb of the three-pronged foot "was evidently a conical spine" and a weapon of attack. Mr. Clark must have got tolerably near to this big beast to enumerate such details. It was 14 ft. high when it stood upright, and its head was as big as a good-sized cask, its shape like that of a horse's head, its body as big as an elephant's, and a long tail like an alligator's terminating the body behind. Mr. Clark tells us he was within three hundred yards of the animal, therefore his eyesight (as regards the spine on the thumb) must be exceptionally acute.

The great unknown lived in a "sink-hole of alkaline water," and into this hole it fell "in a quiescent condition." This was after its "eyes as large as saucers" had "gleamed with a wild and furious fire"; and, of course, "streams of steamlike vapour" came from its enormous mouth, the effluvium of the said vapour being "something awful." I recommend the United States Government at once to set about exploring these "sink-holes" in the desert of Death Valley. If there are still alive there Iguanodons of the Mesozoic period, by all means let us try to capture one for the sake of the "auld lang syne" of geology. But I have heard a like story before. Fritz Müller wrote in *Nature* (Feb. 21, 1878) about an underground monster called the "Minhocão," which burrows in the highlands of Southern Brazil. This animal most likely is only an armadillo which burrows in the ground, clothed in the garments and swaddling-clothes of popular superstition as to size. But I should like to hear more about the Iguanodon of the Death Valley. Perhaps my correspondent will keep a watchful eye on Mr. Clark's further discoveries.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
C BURNETT (Biggleswade).—1. R to Q 6th solves your problem in a variety of ways.
B W LA MOTHÉ (New York).—Q to Q 6th is another solution to your problem No. 7, and that in three moves marked "A" admits of a bad dual. After 1. K to K 5th, White can continue with 2. Q to Q 6th, and 3. B mates.
H HORNER.—Your problem is too simple for publication.
REV F J MIDDLEMIST.—We like your problem on a rapid examination, and will give it careful attention.
BLAIR COCHRANE (Clewer).—Problem No. 2512 cannot be solved by your move. 1. Kt to B 6th, K to K 3rd; 2. Kt to K 5th, K to Q 3rd; and how does White mate next move?
J HILL.—You have made a mistake over Problem No. 2512. The problem is in three moves. You are right, however, with regard to No. 2513.
W KNIGHT.—Your problem is well constructed, and the main play is good. It shall be examined for publication.
J L F (Brixton).—Much obliged for game. Your solution of Problem No. 2512 is wrong.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2508 to 2511 received from P V (Trinidad): of No. 2512 from W H Thompson (Tenerife); of No. 2513 from B W La Mothe (New York); of 2514 from J F Bowmer (Dublin); of No. 2515 from E G Boys, J D Tucker (Leeds), E Loudon, Blair Cochran (Clewer), B Reynolds, Drayton (Clara), Fortamps (Brussels), and F R Barratt (Northampton).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2516 received from R Worters (Canterbury), A Newman, J D Tucker (Leeds), Alpin, Shadforth, E G Boys, L Schin (Vienna), Blair Cochran (Clewer), J F Moon, Bluet, H H Brooks, Martin F, H S Brown (London), L Desanges, W R Raillent, J Neumann (East Sheen), W P Hind (Seaford), John Short (Bath), Sorrento (Dawlish), Dr F St, W Wright, E Loudon, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E E H, G Joyce, C E Perugini, Drayton (Clara), H B Hurford, T G Wilkinson, J Coad, W V Vincent, Dawn, T Roberts, F T Haswell, and Joseph Willcock (Chester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2514.—By J. F. MOON.

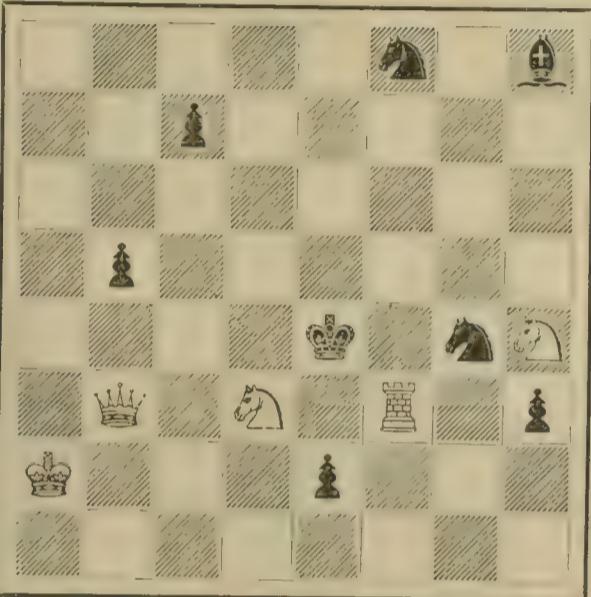
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K 8th K to K 5th
2. Kt to Q 6th (ch) K moves
3. Kt mates.

If Black play 1. Kt takes P, 2. Kt to Q 6th; and if 1. P to Kt 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2518

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. MORIUS and KUP.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Castles	Q R to Q sq
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	16. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	17. Kt P takes P	Kt takes P
5. P takes P	Kt to R 4th	Highly ingenious, for if P takes Kt, B takes P (ch); K moves, P to K 6th, regaining the piece with a fine position.	
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	18. Q Kt to B 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd
7. P takes P	P takes P	19. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	20. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 5th
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 5th	21. B takes Kt	B takes B
10. Kt to K 5th	B to Q 3rd	22. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
11. P to K B 4th	Q to B 2nd	23. Q to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd
12. P to Q 4th	Castles	24. Q R to K sq	K R to K sq
13. P to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	25. Q to B 2nd	

The game has been opened cautiously and in accordance with the more generally accepted methods of this opening.

14. P to Q Kt 4th

This gives White a slight advantage by driving the Kt back and preventing the advance of the Q B P.

15. P to Kt 4th

Clearly a blunder, and throws away a game that he should have won.

16. R takes P

And Black ultimately won the game.

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	He should have played P takes P, followed by Q to B 2nd.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. B to R 2nd	
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	12. P takes P	B takes P
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	13. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
5. Kt to Q 5th	B to B 4th	14. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
6. Kt takes Kt (ch)		15. R to Kt sq	B to K 3rd
It would have been much better to develop his game by P to B 3rd.		16. Kt to B 2nd	Q to B 5th
7. Castles	P takes Kt	17. P to Q R 3rd	Castles
Somewhat hazardous in the face of the open Knight's file.		18. R to Q B sq	Driving the Queen the road it wants to go.
8. P to Q B 3rd	R to K Kt sq	19. Q to Q 6th	
9. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. K takes R	R takes P (ch)
10. R to K sq	P to Q 4th	If K to R sq, R takes P (ch), &c.	
11. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q 5th	20. R to Kt sq (ch)	And Black wins.

The International Masters' Tournament of the German Chess Association will commence on July 17, and promises to be one of unusual interest. Since the great New York congress there has been no such entry of experts as is now announced, and the meeting of Dr. Tarrasch and Herr Lasker of itself will go far to make the occasion memorable. Messrs. Blackburne, Mason, and Tinsley are expected from London, and Herr Lipschitz, fresh from his recent victory in America, will also measure his strength with Continental players.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is curious, in reading works that lead us into the private life of men and women of past times, to notice how the greatest public events seem to have been hidden from the people living through them by the nearness of their own individual interests. A small pebble held close to your eye will blot out an entire landscape as wide as that which may be seen from the ridge near Tunbridge Wells, where the fair Weald of Kent is spread out below, or from the Beacon Hill at Malvern, with its panorama of seven counties. So it is with petty private cares and hopes and joys: they blot from view public events of vast import. In such a book as "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne," for instance, we see how, even during that great Civil War that we are apt to think, looking back, must have entirely absorbed every thought of every hour, people were, in fact, loving and marrying, and farming, and attending to their small domestic and business affairs with apparently no distraction from these by the great events that were deciding national destinies.

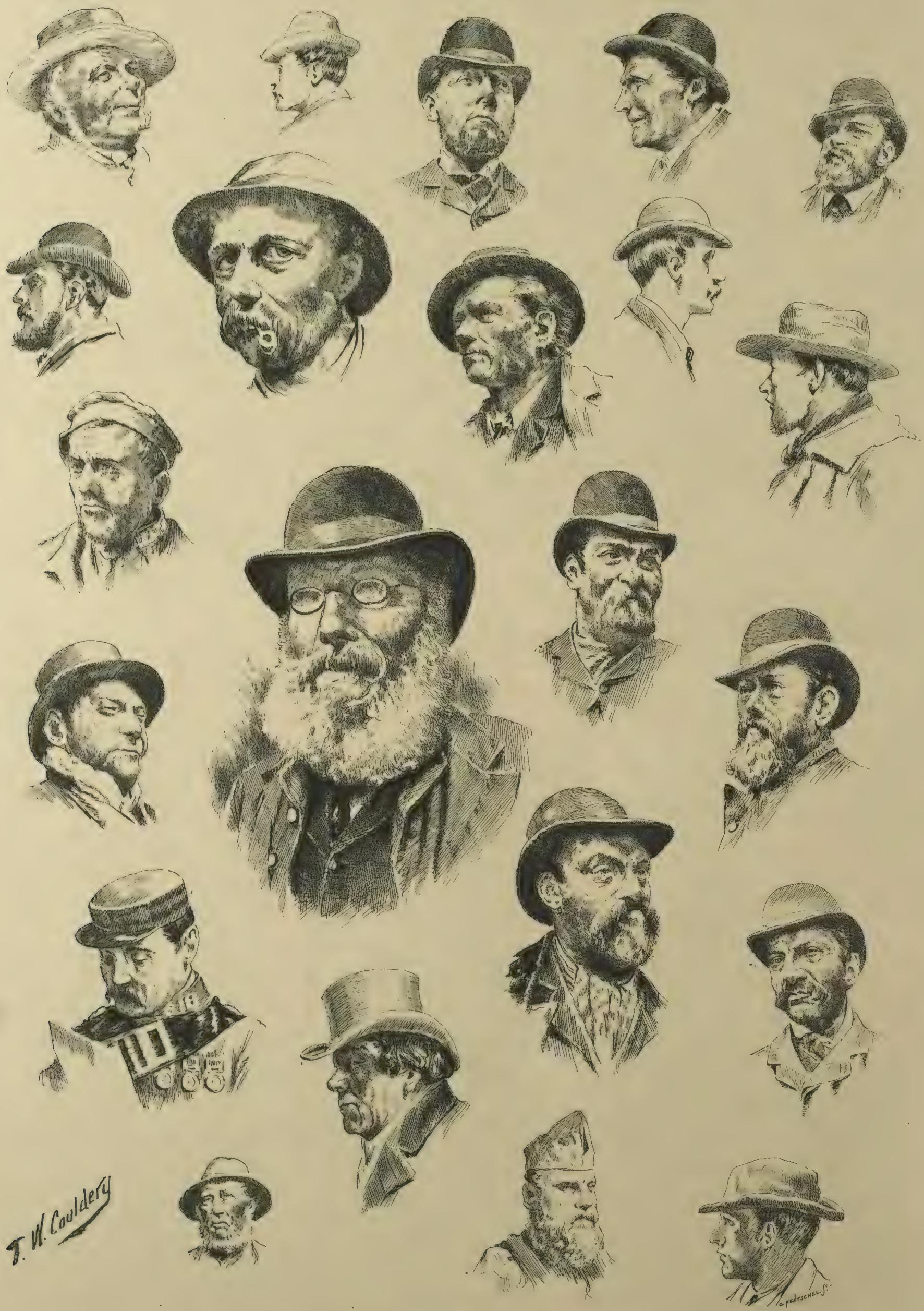
"As it was in the days of Noë," so it is now. Even though the fate of the Empire may hang in the balance, Henley Regatta draws the interest and presence of nearly or quite as large crowds of fashionable Londoners as usual. New frocks for up the river have appeared accordingly. The sensible dresses worn on such an occasion do equally well later on for seaside and country-house wear. But on the lawns sloping to the river that are secured by various clubs, as well as on some of the house-boats, costumes of the fashionable fete order are quite as much worn as are more properly aquatic gowns. There is, of course, but little variety possible in the serges and thin tweeds that are emphatically the proper river-dresses. The Eton coat maintains the wide popularity that it gained so suddenly a little while ago. It looks very well in a rather coarse blue serge over a contrasting shirt or vest. One was made to be worn with a tight-fitting double-breasted vest of pale-pink cloth, and a tiny white front with pink tie appearing at the throat. Cotton blouses with a frill down the front were perhaps the most popular wear, whether under Eton coats, or little loose short jackets of a less pronounced shape, or "Figaro" jackets or "Zouaves" of serge, cut slopingly round to under the arms and generally edged with a little braid, gold or white. Deep belts are generally worn with these blouse bodices, and there is a new stiff, Oriental-looking material called "Petersham" which makes the belts excellently. A Swiss belt of the serge, finished with a row or two of either stitching or braid, is also used.

A most useful and at the same time stylish way of making these thick dresses is with a corselet-belt cut in one with the skirt, so as to be worn over a variety of blouses or shirts. The belt part is well boned in front and at the sides, and it needs to be accurately fitted over the hips; nevertheless, the blouse is apt to ride up a little unless a tape be tied firmly round the waist to hold it down, and this is, of course, concealed by the high belt. A dress made in this way is suitable for any party if the material be tolerably fine, and the blouse a pretty one of silk, or daintily tucked silk muslin, or one of the charming shot-and-floral patterned foulards, or a light delaine; while, when needed for travelling, a blouse of crêpon, print, serge, or flannel makes this dress at once into a suitable costume. Such a gown was smartly made in cream serge, with the top of the belt outlined with two rows of narrow gold braid and the same trimming finishing off the top of the deep hem; the blouse was of pink china silk, cut low in the throat and finished off below and above some rows of gauging that formed a yoke, with lines of gold braid.

Among the smarter kind of garden-party frocks prepared for Henley, the following are a few of those which were pretty without being either startling or excessively costly: A soft grey crêpon skirt, fitting very closely, and finished off with a close, fringed-out ruche of black silk; a deep waistband and cuffs of black moiré, and a frill of black Irish crochet draped in a V-shape from the top of the sleeves to the belt. An electric-blue crêpon, with a frill of black silk, headed by good-sized jet crescents, round the skirt; at the waist, the skirt hooked up over the folded bodice, which was trimmed along one side of the blue crêpon folds with a pleating of black silk, and along the other with a row of jet crescents; a sash of rather narrow moiré ribbon at the back. A medium tone of blue cloth, with a frill of the same round the shoulders and bust, headed by a line of narrow jet passementerie; full sleeves, sloping to wrist, and trimmed with longwise bands of the same jet, and rows of that trimming all round the plain trained skirt. A delaine with a pale-yellow ground patterned with flowers and leaves in shades of blue; a yoke of blue silk edged with delicate marabout feathers; full sleeves, caught in slightly with bands of blue silk at intervals below the elbow, and edged at the bottom with marabout; feather trimming at the top of a strip of blue silk footing the skirt.

"Woman Through a Man's Eye-glass" is so attractive a title, and the crisp little character-sketches that it covers are so bright, genial, and observantly done, that it is no wonder that Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman's book has rapidly run into its second edition. I always take up a book about women with a little quiver of apprehension. I know that it is only too probable that I am about to be annoyed by hasty sweeping generalisations from particular bad instances or insulted by some "railing accusation" against the morals or the intellect of the whole sex. As Mr. Salaman observes: "It has been a fashion in all ages to decry women, and many a wit has gained his reputation at the expense of woman's fame." But he adds, no less truly: "You will not find that the great writers who live in the hearts of mankind ever stultified or debased their genius by defaming women." It is the better example that he has set before himself, and there is little in his book to jar or offend us. With a humorous touch and a shrewd observation that cannot help hitting home at weak points sometimes, he is always kindly, always fair, and neither the women whom he sketches nor others who are not of their type can fairly complain of his treatment of their sex as a whole. These sketches are decidedly drawn from real life, sometimes with the harsh accuracy of detail of a photograph. Whether his lady friends will quite like finding out that they have been long put under the microscope of this terrible observer is doubtful. But his geniality lightens his sarcasm.

The sweetest, tenderest chapter is on the author's mother, to



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"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

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"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

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From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



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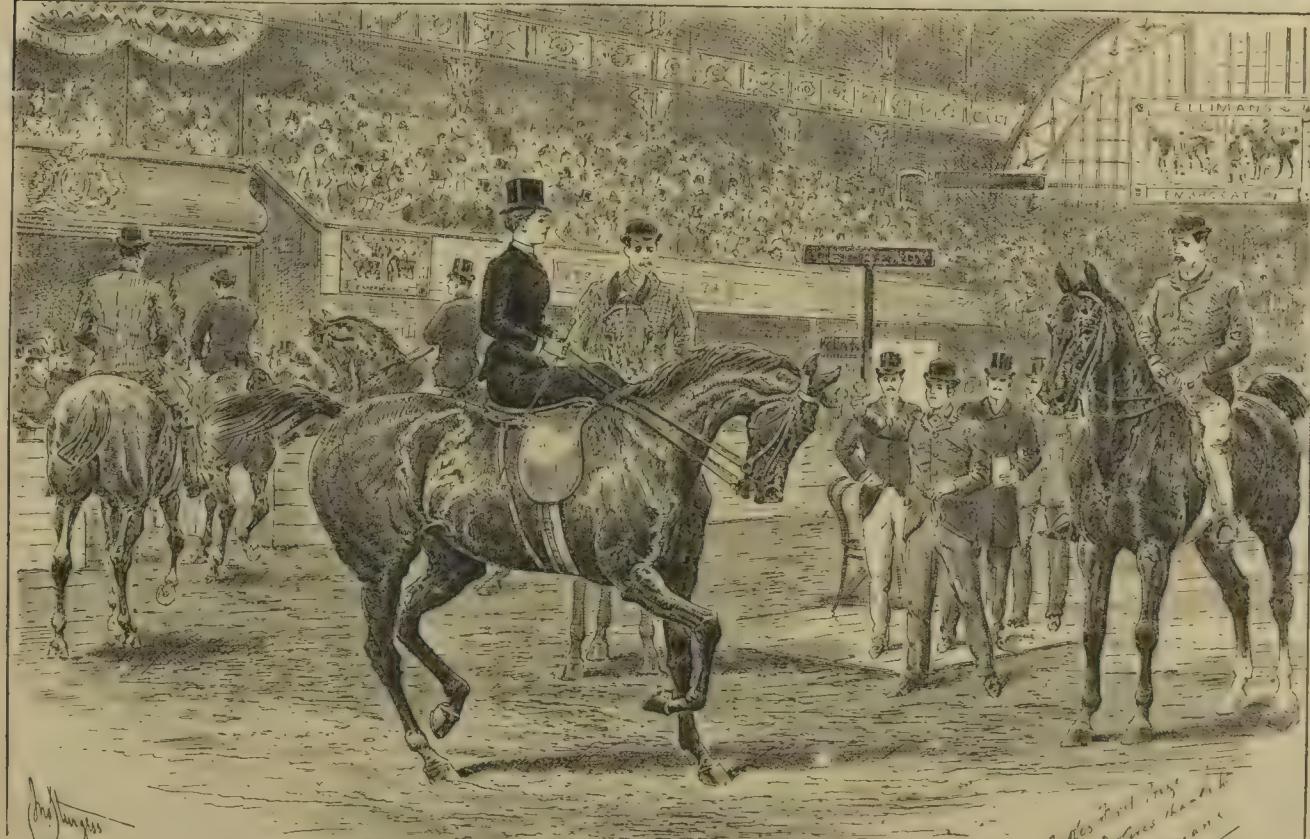
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Mr. H. Nurse, Blackwater, near Riverton, Southland, New Zealand, writes—

"I can testify to the efficacy of your Embrocation, having used it on our stock for many years."

Mr. Thomas Lynett, Elderslie Street, Winton, Queensland, writes—

"May 27, 1889.

"We use in the racing stables, and I sell in my store, a quantity of your Embrocation."

Mr. W. F. Rorke, Groot Vlakte, District Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes—

"May 13, 1889.

"I find your Embrocation most useful for rheumatism in horses."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION. "AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."

"ELAINE."

M. Hermann Bemberg's romantic opera "Elaine" was brought out for the first time on any stage at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, on Tuesday, July 5. Considerable interest naturally attached to an event so unusual as the production here of a brand-new opera from the pen of a young and untried French composer, having for its subject one of the most familiar and beautiful of the "Idylls of the King." The attraction that this work has been known to possess for artists is not difficult to understand. M. Bemberg writes most effectively for the voice, and his style is based well-nigh exclusively upon that of Gounod, whose method is reflected alike in the vocal and instrumental portions of the score. Of originality there is none, but of charm and poetic feeling there is a great deal, as the hearer can easily perceive, even in the themes foreshadowed by the prelude.

The first act opens in the palace of King Arthur. The Queen's maids-of-honour sing a suave and flowing chorus to their mistress while they are embroidering, and as it closes the King is announced. He comes to bid Guinevere farewell on his departure to the tournament at Camelot, leaving behind his "model knight," Sir Lancelot, who has recently been wounded. A martial chorus is heard without, and the King takes his leave. Lancelot appears, and forthwith joins the Queen in an animated love-duet, which fills nearly twenty pages of the vocal score, and is marked by considerable depth and variety of sentiment. The scene changes to a torch-lighted hall in the Castle of Astolat, where Astolat and his sons Torre and Lavaine discuss, in a melodious trio, the chances of the coming tourney. A stranger arrives. It is Lancelot in disguise, come secretly, at the bidding of the Queen, on his way to take part in the knightly sports. He is presented to Elaine, and receives from her hand the cup of welcome. Soon the Knight hears, through the mouth of a minstrel, the story of his amours with Queen Guinevere, while Elaine gives her definition of what true love should be in a charming ballad with choral accompaniment. Later on Elaine, left alone, has an extremely elegant and effective air, "O douce nuit," which works up with increasing animation to a telling climax. As dawn breaks a chorus in the distance gives sign of preparation for the departure of the knights, and Lancelot re-enters to bid Elaine adieu, receiving from her as a souvenir a scarf, which he promises to wear. This scene of farewell forms an effective termination to a somewhat lengthy act.

The second act takes place at Camelot, hard by the field of the tournament. The opening music is of a semi-pastoral character, but this changes to more vigorous strains as the people gather upon the walls and ramparts to witness the coming fray. After a bright and cleverly written chorus there comes a capital march, to which King Arthur and a brilliant cortège enter. Lancelot, without disclosing his identity, obtains permission to enter the lists. The scene here recalls "Ivanhoe," only nothing is seen of the jousts; they are, however, described by the chorus, and with a good deal of picturesque vigour. Lancelot, of course, carries off the prize, and after an outburst of hatred from his rival, Gawain, the curtain again falls. A graceful entr'acte, founded upon a theme in the subsequent duet between Lancelot and Elaine, precedes the scene in the Hermit's grotto, which opens the third act. It is night, and the music is appropriately religious, after its Gounod-like kind, as the holy man kneels and prays for the recovery of the wounded Lancelot, who has been entrusted to his charge. Elaine enters, and engages in soft colloquy with the Hermit—a duet full of singularly delicate charm. It is interrupted by the arrival of Gawain, whose chance of obtaining

Elaine's hand is not much improved by his declaration that it was he who wounded Lancelot. He is about to betray the name of the unknown knight, when the latter awakes and forbids him. Gawain, however, delivers the King's behest that the disguised victor should return to the Court, and after an agitated trio Lancelot consents to depart with him that night. Then follows an undeniably beautiful duet for Elaine and Lancelot, wherein the enamoured girl declares that she will wait for his return and wed no other man.

The fourth and last act consists of two tableaux, the first taking place at Astolat, and the second in the garden of King Arthur's palace. In the former, the pathetic incidents of Elaine's death are very touchingly depicted. The maiden reclines in a chair surrounded by minstrels, who soothe her dying moments with a tender love-chorus. There is also a suavely melodious air for the Hermit, while the death-song of Elaine contains some delightfully tender passages. The final scene opens with a distant chorus of revellers, their voices being heard from the lighted entrance of the palace. Lancelot dwells in a sad soliloquy upon his love for Elaine, when Queen Guinevere advances and upbraids him for neglecting her and loving another. The King and the rest of the Court come forth, and another gay chorus is interrupted by the passing of the barge whereon lies the body of Elaine, decked in bridal robes.

There are some undeniably effective passages, both dramatic and musical, in M. Bemberg's opera, which is a highly creditable first effort. The difficulty for connoisseurs with good memories is that it simply teems with reminiscences. The more charming the music is, the more vividly it recalls something of Gounod, of Massenet, or of Ambroise Thomas. Anyhow, it sadly needs cutting, for on the first night the opening act "played" an hour and a half, and the performance was not over until just midnight. The parts of Sir Lancelot and Elaine were finely sustained by M. Jean de Reszke and Madame Melba, to both of whom M. Bemberg has dedicated his work. They sang magnificently, and were thrice recalled after their duet in the third act. It was a wonderful cast. M. Edouard de Reszke was the Hermit, Madame Deschamps-Jéhin the Queen, M. Plançon the Astolat, and M. Ceste the King, and other good artists played minor rôles. All seemed delighted with their music, and all worked their hardest, including M. Jéhin, the conductor, and his indefatigable band and chorus. The mise en scène, too, was complete in every detail, every scene presenting a striking and effective stage picture. No wonder, then, that the opera was favourably received.

"Die Walküre," the most popular section of Wagner's colossal four-night work, was given in due course at Covent Garden on Wednesday, June 29, with the same care and completeness that had distinguished the previous productions of the German season. The company was on this occasion strengthened by the arrival of the famous baritone, Herr Reichmann, who resumed the impersonation of Wotan, with which English audiences made acquaintance at Her Majesty's in 1882. His rendering of the familiar "Abschied" in the concluding scene of the opera was extremely fine. The wonderful love-duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde made, as heretofore, a very deep impression, and in the gifted hands of Herr Alvar and Fräulein Bettina it lost not a whit of its intense passion and charm. Feel what repugnance we may for the sentiment involved in such an episode, especially when the two personages are brother and sister, the beauty of the music, when interpreted by

first-rate artists and a capable conductor, cannot possibly be resisted. A noteworthy feature of the performance was the manner in which the exacting music of the Valkyries was sung by eight principal artists. Never before, perhaps, has the weird mountain scene of the third act been rendered to such absolute perfection. The singers were all admirable, and the orchestral passages, known collectively as the "Walkürenritt," were, under Herr Mahler's masterly direction, given with splendid dash and vigour. The part of Brünnhilde was effectively portrayed by Frau Ende-Andriessen, but on the repetition of the performance at Drury Lane it had a still more talented and inspired exponent in Frau Kafsky, who, on the intervening Saturday, had made a highly successful débüt at the latter house as Fidelio.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF DROGHEDA.

The Most Honourable Sir Henry Francis Seymour Moore, K.P., Marquis and Earl of Drogheda, Viscount of Drogheda, Baron Moore of Mellefont, in Ireland, and Baron Moore of Moore Place, county Kent, in the United Kingdom, died suddenly on June 29. He was born Aug. 14, 1825, the only son of Lord Henry

Seymour Moore, by Mary Letitia, second daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., afterwards Lord Congleton, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Dublin. He was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Kildare, Vice-Admiral of Leinster, Hon. Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant Kildare Rifles, and Ranger of the Curragh. In 1847 he married the Hon. Mary Caroline Stuart-Wortley, eldest daughter of John, second Lord Wharncliffe, by whom he left no issue, so that the marquise now becomes extinct, and the earldom passes to his cousin, Ponsonby William, now ninth Earl of Drogheda, who was born in 1846, and who married, in 1879, Anne Tower, daughter of Mr. George Moir, LL.D.

SIR RICHARD MANSEL, BART.

Sir Richard Mansel, tenth baronet, at Brighton. Sir Richard came of a family which was established in England at the Conquest, and a Sir John Mansel was Chancellor to Henry III. The deceased baronet succeeded his cousin, Sir John Mansel, in 1883.

VISCOUNTESS MONCK.

The Right Hon. Elizabeth Louise Mary, Viscountess Monck, died at the family residence, Charleville, Enniskerry, on June 16. She was born March 1, 1814, fourth daughter of Henry Stanley, last Earl of Rathdowne, by Frances, his wife, daughter of William, first Earl of Clancarty. In 1844 she married her cousin, Charles Stanley Monck, third and present Viscount Monck, late Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

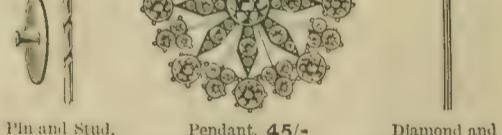
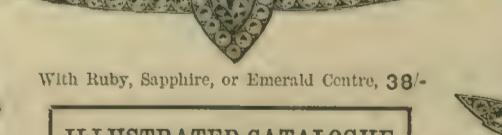
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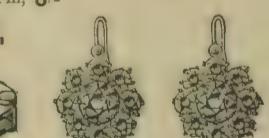
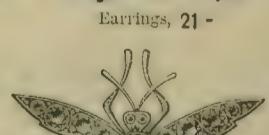
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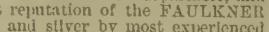
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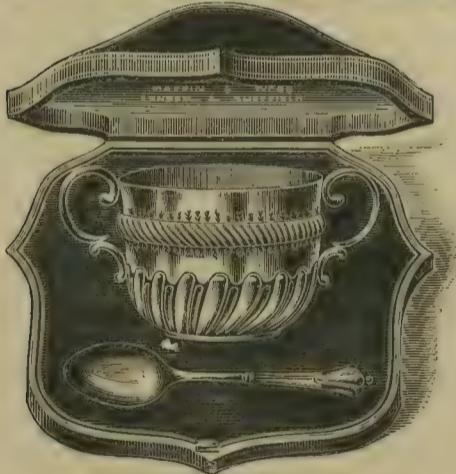
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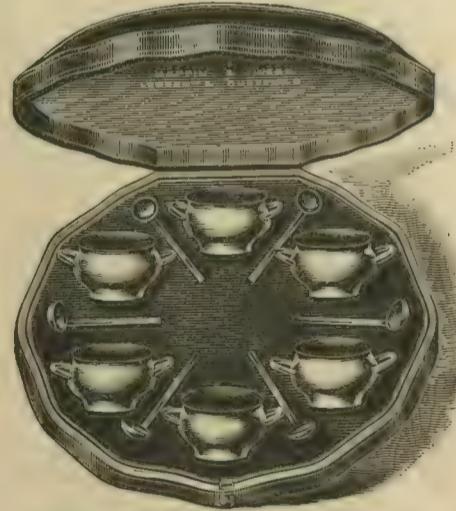
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THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

The second exhibition of the Society of Portrait-Painters, now on view at the galleries of the Royal Institute, worthily closes a season which has been especially noteworthy for its picture shows. The portrait-painters have not only improved the quality of their works but have widened the basis of their society, so that we have now a very fair opportunity of comparing English and foreign as well as past and present methods. The oldest work in point of date is probably Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Stillman, better known as "La Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," who till lately presided over the "Peacock Room," but passed into another realm at the Leyland sale a short time since. It belongs to Mr. Whistler's best and most decorative period; just as Sir John Millais' Mrs. Bischoffsheim, painted in 1873, and the President's portrait of the late Sir Richard Burton represent the strongest phase of each artist as a painter of portraits. The society has also been happy in bringing together such works as Mr. Ouless's portrait of the late Cardinal Manning; Mr. Watts's treatment of Mrs. Langtry, taken at the time when the

"Jersey Lily" was the reigning beauty of a London season; and the two distinct proofs of Mr. Alma-Tadema's powers as shown in his portraits of his daughter and of his etcher, Mr. Lowenstam. To these should be added Professor Herkomer's seated figure of a lady in black—

Entranced in some diviner mood
Of self-oblivious solitude—

one of the artist's most satisfactory and complete works, which, if not belonging by date to the past, is at least identified with a style of painting which is threatened with approaching—but as we think temporary—eclipse.

The Scotch school, which draws its inspirations from across the water, is, perhaps, the best exponent of modern taste in portrait-painting. It is impossible not to recognise the merit of such artists as Mr. Lavery, Mr. Guthrie, and Mr. Lorimer—to mention a few of the more prominent; but it will mean a more radical revolution in art than we have yet seen to find their work permanently preferred to such solid achievements as Sir J. D. Linton's portrait of Mrs. Meredith Crosse, Mr. Shannon's of Mr. George Hitchcock, or Mr. S. J. Solomon's of Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmid.

French art is also very satisfactorily represented in the exhibition by such work as Bonnat's portrait of Barye, the sculptor, one of the best bits of direct painting in the three rooms; by Boldini's brilliant rendering of Signor Verdi; by Cormon's portrait of Madame Brachet; and by the charming Velasquez-like portrait of a child by Léon Comerre. To these should be added the names of Roybet, Boute de Monvel, and Madame Madeline Lemaire, who, if not adequately represented to give a true sense of their delicacy and power, can, nevertheless, be appreciated by the works exhibited.

Among the other English artists who contribute to make this exhibition one of the most attractive and least fatiguing of the season should be mentioned Mr. Percy Bigland, Mr. Blake Wirgman, Mr. Hubert Vos, the Hon. John Collier, and Mr. W. R. Symonds—from all of whom work not exhibited elsewhere is to be found. Many, too, will be attracted by a firmly painted head, much in the style of Raeburn, by Mr. Ashby Sterry; for few, perhaps are aware that the "Lazy Minstrel" and now popular critic was once a follower of the art of painting, and, if we may judge from this specimen of his powers, would have found a place among those who had not "failed in art" before taking to his present profession.

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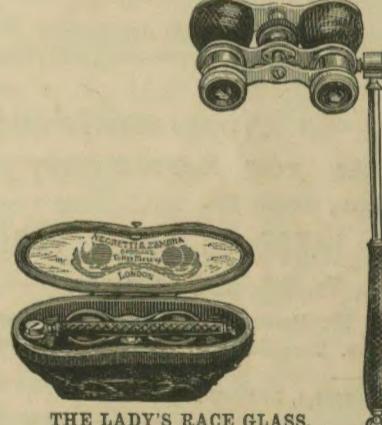
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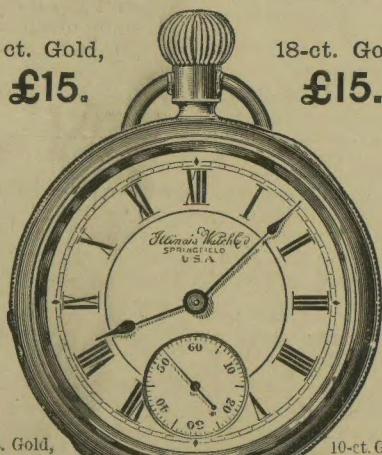
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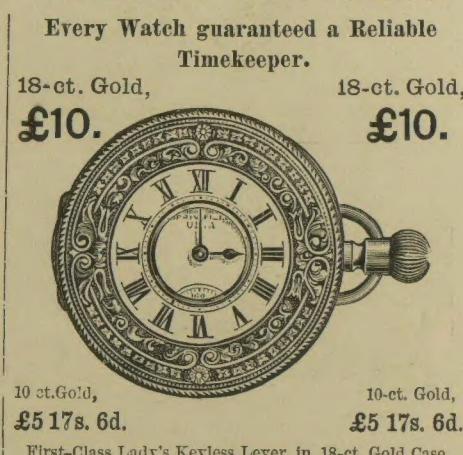
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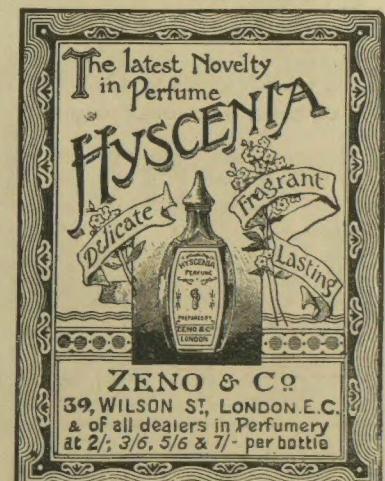
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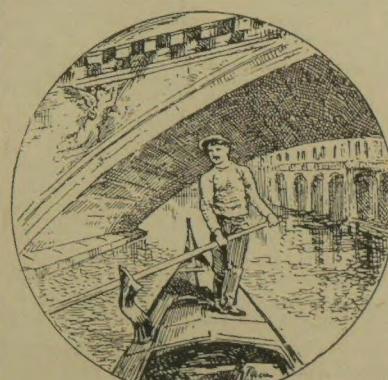


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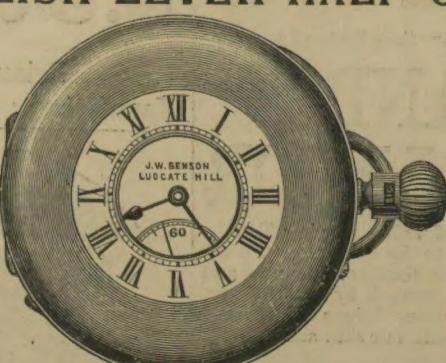
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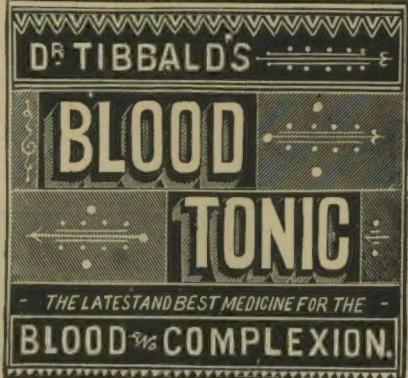


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